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Choice Poetry.

COLUMBUS.

FROM "POEMS OF EARLY YEARS," BY A WRANGLER OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

He stood upon the deck by night alone,
And heard th' uproarious waste of ocean moan
Beneath the gusty darkness round him thrown.

The soughing winds amid his hair took way,
And damp his beard and brows with briny spray,
Yet steadfastly he watched the West alway:

Until at length he said, It is a light;
It must be, and on shore; so low, so bright,
So steady! God be praised!—ho! land in sight!

And soon throughout the crew from man to man
In startling shouts the rapturous tidings ran;
And wild for joy were they that light to scan.

No words can paint their triumph: yet I ween
Had night not veiled his visage, they had seen
A bitter smile disturb his even mien.

The selfsame tongues that but few hours ago
Had counselled straight return, and sought to show
The folly of his scheme, their certain woe;

Vain upstarts, who had jeered, aye menaced him,
And faint hearts with desponding looks and dim—
All mixed their rash breath with his soul's deep hymn,

Exulting boastfully, that they had shared
Success, which ne'er had been had he not dared
Despise them, and hope on when they despaired.

Within themselves the Great must ever seek
Both impulse and reward: all else is weak
To what their own calm soul and conscience speak.

And thou—would'st thou Columbus-like aspire
To walk new worlds of thought, and high and higher
Exalt thy fallen soul on wings of fire—

On God and self do thou rely aright:
And through the day His clouds shall cheer thy sight,
And His fire-pillar guide thy steps by night.

Romance of History.

A FESTIVAL UPON THE NEVA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF KAUFMANN.

CHAPTER I.

On the banks of a majestic river, where, in later time, has arisen a city of eight thousand houses, of granite causeways, monuments, obelisks, and palaces, nothing was to be seen at the commencement of the eighteenth century but a few huts scattered over a marshy waste.

On one of those days, when the intense cold had transformed the river into a plain of ice, a numerous crowd were hastening through the streets of the young St. Petersburg. [illegible] their steps towards a little cottage; and others, over the frozen waters, towards a fortified island. Every one looked with a curious eye at the cottage, and the numerous sledges that were gathering for the escort at hand. Presently, a sledge drawn by three horses covered with bear-skins, dashed up to the cottage-gate. It was quickly opened, and an old man of a high stature and proud bearing came forth, wearing a blue sable. He slowly advanced and took his place.

"Pardon me, sir," said one of middle age, who hastened to take a seat by the side of the former, "the gracious Czar had—"

"It is sufficient," Prince Menzikoff, interrupted the first, in a quick and stern tone; "I am not much accustomed to wait, but I know, however, that it is the Czar only who can be the cause of this delay."

"You see the boyard, Alexis Nicolajewitz Tscherkaski," said one of those present, in a whisper to his companion.

"You are not the first to tell me that," replied Nikita. "It is not sixty years since his grandfather traversed the Caucasus with his savage Tschetschences. He would be a little surprised if he saw his son to-day decorated with the golden key of chamberlain, and enjoying himself at festivals in sacred Russia. But they give the signal of departure, for they are tying a tame bear to the sledge. Indeed, it is a strange animal!"

"I must see him nearer," said the first. "Come, Andyuschka, let us survey the whole train."

* * * * * *

They came at last to an edifice such as was never seen before or since. It was built upon the Neva—but not of stones. The walls, roof, and partitions, were of solid ice; and the steps leading to the entrance cut out of one enormous block. Two large cannons made of ice, pierced with the greatest care, and which they were foolish enough to charge with powder, were placed in front of this singular palace. The interior presented an appearance not less novel. A long table, formed of a single piece of ice, and covered with a hundred exquisite dishes, was the principal object—oysters, in silver plates, excited the appetite—sea-fish, of every species, from the gulf of Finland and Pont Euxin to the Caspian and frozen seas, disputed the supremacy with shell-fish from the Istar and Volga. By the side of the hams of Bayonne were roasts of bear surrounded with citron; and the sturgeon was placed in the middle of delicious preserves. Many sledges were filled with bottles.

But all these cold dishes composed but half the feast. Four kitchens, built of wood, at some distance from the palace, threw up constantly clouds of smoke. There boiled stags and elks, pullets of Archangel, and bears of Podolia. But that which particularly attracted the attention of the spectators were the large fires where whole oxen turned round upon spits, for the benefit of the people, to whom were to be also given tuns of brandy.

The sun shone yet above the horizon when the great hall of the palace of crystal was lighted with wax candles in chandeliers of sparkling ice. A thousand lights were thus reflected and broken upon the transparent walls and windows. It seemed a fairy scene in the approaching night.

While a legion of cooks, with their assistants, worked without cessation, the two personages, the boyard Tscherkaski and the Prince Menzikoff, were not less busy in the interior of the palace. It was readily seen that they had the charge of directing the festival about to commence. The last-mentioned, spreading a bear-skin upon each of the seats of ice, was addressed by his companion.

"Truly, Alexandre Michailowitz, the Czar could not have selected a better manager of the feast than yourself. If I had any thing to do but to take exclusive charge of the bottles, I am afraid I should oblige every one to sit upon the naked blocks. What grimaces these hungry foreign guests would make, such as the Frenchman Lefort, and those like him, whom the west is ever sending to fatten upon the blood of Russia. I should like to see them shivering to death, and at the same time politely struggling to appear pleased in the presence of the Czar."

"But do you know how the Czar would regard such pleasantry? You remember Dimitri Arsenief?"

"Arsenief! I hope you do not compare me with that herd whom a single glance of the Czar made tremble in their shoes. There was a time, it is true, but all is changed now—there was a time when these submissive slaves who filled the Courts of the Kremlin, disappeared when they heard the steps of the old Alexis Nicolajewitz. His services were once required. He was not idle during the massacre of the Strelitz; they had need of Tscherkaski then. But all this has passed away. I have but one wish; it is, that in the hour of trial the swords of those Frenchmen, or of other foreigners, may leap as slowly from the scabbard as mine on that day when men of a nobler spirit were assassinated."

"The Czar has not forgotten that you have—"

"Oh, truly," replied the boyard, with a bitter smile, "the gracious Czar has made me the first chamberlain. He must have been in a good humor at that time; for Pallavel—you know him—he is skilful in cooling bottles—he was a valet de chambre in his youth—and that English Melton or Milton, who has imported some good dogs—both of them, at the same time with myself, received the key of the chamberlaincy."

"But you cannot deny, Alexis, that in general the choice of our sovereign—"

"Is the best. But what is strange about it is, that he finds so many excellent men, and that he selects from so large a circle, when others who, in times of calamity, are no longer considered unworthy, never obtain their turn for preferment."

"You appear to be not in a very good humor, to-day, Boyard.——Would you fall into disfavor with the Czar?"

"Why," exclaimed the boyard, "should I not tell a friend what probably he will learn to-day, if indeed he is ignorant of it now? You know," he continued with an affected calmness, "the domain of the crown adjacent to my lands in Tula?"

"I do not," said the embarrassed Prince.

"Indeed you do, Alexandre Michailowitz; or at least you ought to. It separates my property from yours."

"Ah! the manor."

"The same. It is not very extensive, containing only three villages and a thousand serfs. But its situation suits me and I desire its possession."

"Well, you ought to propose to the Czar to sell it. He will not refuse you."

"He has already refused. 'I am sorry,' he coldly said, 'that I cannot grant you the lands you ask; I have disposed of them to another.' I was about to reply, but turning to speak to some one, he closed our conversation."

"And do you know to whom he granted the domain?"

"Who? Perhaps a vicious flatterer—an intrusive coward—some fellow from abroad who comes among us to appease his hunger; or, what is worse, an upstart, whose only pleasure is to overturn my dearest hopes to fulfil his own. Who is he? One of those who daily make fortunes by hundreds in our Russia, in place of meeting with the rope which they merit—one of those who drive out honest men to occupy their places—a rustic boor, a cobbler, a pastry-cook!"

The features of the boyard took an expression of the most violent anger; the muscles of his mouth contracted by a convulsive movement, and his fiery eye gave sign that he was remembering the sanguinary vengeance of his brethren, the sons of the Caucasus.

The countenance of Menzikoff grew dark. The word "pastry-cook," in bringing to his recollection his former condition, awoke sentiments whose expression it was difficult for him to restrain. "I had intended," he said, "to ask the Czar to give me those very lands; but I am glad that I have not done so. I would have been unhappy in interfering with your projects, if it were even for the sake of your amiable daughter, who, in your old days, will reward you largely for all the grievances you experience at the Court."

"You think so, eh, Michailowitz! But you are a Russian. You belong not to those foreign plebeians. Alexis Tscherkaski is a man who never hides what he thinks, and I confess frankly that I do not love you; I have never loved you. Yet I do not confound you with those vile favorites of whom I have spoken. You are the first who has ever said to my face that I was not born to walk in the slippery paths of a Court. You will have the honor also of offering the first counsel that I have ever followed. Yes, Prince Menzikoff, I am firmly resolved to leave the capital in a few days. In my solitude, accompanied only by my Mary, I hope to forget the Czars, their favors, and all that I have done to obtain them. Since the death of my Fedor—but let us stop here—with him all my hopes are buried. My daughter only remains—"

"Who will be a glory to you in the evening of your life. She will bloom as the rose, she will be a mother of sons who—"

"Yes, I desire to see her happy. She will freely choose her husband; and if she wishes to unite her destiny with none, she shall live with me, and one day close my eyes in death. It is among the descendants of the boyards that she will find her beloved. He shall be a noble son of old and sacred Russia. And I swear by all the saints interred in the convent of Kiew, that no will, not even that of the Czar, but her own, shall influence the choice of my daughter."

The Prince was about to reply, when loud voices were heard in front of the house.

"They come! they come!"

A long train of sledges took the direction of the Isle of the Neva, and presented as strange a spectacle as one could well imagine. Instead of couriers, who, according to the usages of the time, took the lead in this description of festivals, there was a sledge, drawn by four horses of different colors. In it were four men dressed in white, with a red girdle, having in their hands a staff ornamented with ribbons, and upon their heads a bonnet, decorated with plumes. The oddest thing in this group was, that the youngest was not less than seventy; two of them wanted a leg; the third was without an arm; and the fourth blind.

Then came two sledges filled with musicians, who joyously sounded their instruments. They were divided into two sections: the first would have pleased the ear by their performance, if it were not for the second section, every one of whom was deaf. They could not follow the movements of the director, and he himself, also deaf, was constantly behind the time, so that the two companies, although playing the same air, produced one which we might imagine proceeded from mischievous demons in a concert prepared in Pandemonium for the benefit of condemned musicians.

In a third sledge came a patriarch of eighty years. His long white beard and hair carefully dressed, the precious ornaments with which he was covered, and the priests seated at his side, all announced that the old man was going to celebrate some solemn ceremony. As he was an intolerable stammerer, who had been released from the public service of the church during the greater part of his life, he was fitly chosen to deliver a discourse upon the present occasion.

The sledge following that of the patriarch's, gave to the cortege the unmistakeable character of a nuptial festivity; for, of the four individuals who occupied it, two wore crowns, such as those prescribed by the Greek Church to the newly-married. The couple who sat in the place of honor, and for whom this fete had been prepared, were indeed very curious looking persons. The bridegroom was an old and wrinkled dwarf, hardly four feet high. His enormous head seemed to weigh down his slender body, and to bend his legs into the form of [illegible]. His toilette was according to the French mode of that period. A frock coat of silver cloth, a sky-blue vest, and crimson velvet pantaloons, and immense ruffles covered his long, [illegible] hands. A perruque with a long tail, the nuptial crown, and a silver sword, which completed his dress, confirmed the remark of one of our friends, who compared the unfortunate bridegroom to a monkey on the rack.

The dwarf and his affianced resembled each other as two drops of water. Upon the head of the hump-backed bride also shone the marriage-crown. Her dress was of gold cloth of the most recent Parisian mode. Their exterior, however, presented a single contrast, which rendered them still more ridiculous; for upon the wide face of the future wife was a presumptuous smile, while the husband, suffering under some recent sorrow, made the most frightful grimaces.

In order better to distinguish the ugliness of this deformed couple, there were placed upon the second seat of the sledge two children of angelic beauty—one a girl of five years; the other a boy of six to eight. They both wore the ancient Russian costume, which in its simplicity so well became the celestial sweetness of the countenance of the rosy-cheeked girl, and the spiritual gaiety which beamed from the large black eyes of the boy. These children appeared destined to serve as bridesboy and bridesmaid; and certainly Hymen could not have made a better choice.

"It is the daughter of the boyard Tscherkaski! It is the little Fedor Menzikoff!" cried the crowd.

A large number of sledges passed on. All those who occupied them were disguised in the strangest manner. By the side of a coarse Kirghese was a fashionable Parisian. Behind them a Chinese Mandarin waited upon a maiden Tyrolese. In the cortege could be seen, not only the costumes of all the tribes under the sceptre of Peter the Great, but of almost every nation of Europe and Asia. The masquerade extended even to the trappings of the horses and sledges. Some of the horses' heads wore gilded horns of the stag and the elk, and others great wings, which made them resemble the poet's idea of Pegasus. The last sledge in the train worthily closed this fantastic procession.—It was drawn by three horses, and contained a single personage. Two horsemen, habited as Turks, galloped by his side, and announced his high rank. His thick-set figure was of the ordinary height, his face was full of a spirit of gaiety and frolic, and in the smile with which he responded to the acclamations of the people could be perceived his satisfaction in the preparations for the fete of the day. His dress was that of a Northern countryman, and he who had ever seen one would be at a loss to say whether Peter the Great was an original or a copy.

The countryman held in his hand a large gold-headed cane, and tormented a tame bear, which, standing erect upon its hind feet, and fulfilling the functions of a lackey, was from time to time punished for his unskilfulness, to the amusement of the people.

The train arrived at the crystal palace; and although all had descended from the sledges, none had crossed the threshold. Every one appeared desirous to yield the first entrance to the bridegroom and his partner, or to him who gave the feast. Prince Menzikoff and the boyard at last advanced, bare-headed, into the presence of the Czar, who was still occupied in teasing his bear to divert the multitude.

"What are you waiting for?" he said, at the same time taking the cap of the Prince, and replacing it upon his head. "Why these marks of respect? Have you quite forgotten all the duties of gallantry in thus permitting the happy couple to wait at the door of the marriage-house? But I see—and if I did not see, the odors of the dishes and of the brandy would be evidence of it—that you have well performed your duties.—With this conviction, Alexandre, that you have done well for the palates of the guests by delicious dishes, and that my old Tscherkaski does not permit me to have a doubt as to his performances concerning the cellar—it is, I say, from these considerations that I pardon you, both for forgetting that I am and wish to be nothing more to-day than Peter, the countryman, who has come to celebrate with his friends the nuptials of a couple who love each other tenderly. Come, let us hasten, lest the temperature of the marriage-palace cool our dinner."

"As your Majesty wishes," responded the Prince, respectfully.

"Not Majesty," replied the Emperor, and in the same moment he ran to excuse himself to the affianced for unintentionally causing them to wait so long.

They entered, and very soon the sound of music announced that they were being seated at table. The Prince, at a sign from the Czar, conducted the bride and bridegroom to the place of honor, and beside them the two children. The rest took their places without distinction of rank. The Holland ambassador sat next the Emperor, and in front of him the boyard Tscherkaski, and Menzikoff sat next to Tscherkaski.

CHAPTER II.

The conversation, at first grave and little animated, gradually became more lively. The Czar was in a good humor, a thing which often occurred at the dinner table, if nowhere else. Peter the countryman was not slow to assail the embarrassed couple with pleasantries, some more or less good, and others rather equivocal. He at last requested the old patriarch, who was perspiring with fear at the anticipation of the request, to repeat the discourse which he had pronounced to the great pleasure of his Majesty. A noisy gayety filled the hall, and outside it was at its height. At the moment in which the Emperor offered a toast to the married couple, the cannon of ice was discharged. It flew in pieces in every direction, and instead of producing any serious sensation lest some accident might have occurred, it only increased the tumultuous hilarity. The wines of Champagne and Bourgogne ran in streams. The servants were hardly sufficient to supply the thirst of the guests. The Czar ordered to their assistance soldiers, who, taking half-a-dozen bottles under each arm, called them as nine-pins upon the table—a circumstance which the ambassador of the powerful states thought so remarkable that he mentioned it in his report a la Haye.

This intemperate drinking soon showed its effects upon the greater part of the guests. Peter gave himself up completely to the infatuation of the vine, and Menzikoff, who preserved his accustomed sobriety, saw with inquietude the Czar swallow, one after another, numerous glasses of Bourgogne. The face of the monarch became foolish—the perspiration stood upon his forehead in large drops, and in order to cool himself, he took off his perruque, and placed it upon the head of his neighbor the ambassador, who received the insult respectfully, but without power to repress a deep sigh. However pleasant all this might have been, Menzikoff took no part in the enjoyments of the society, troubled as he was through fears founded upon an intimate knowledge of the character of his master. Experience had too often taught him how easily the Czar passed from humor and hilarity to anger and violence. He knew that such changes took place almost invariably after indulgences of the bottle, and that a single word—a single gesture—threw him into a passion that made him detestable, while by nature he was generous and noble. The event proved how reasonable were the presentiments of Menzikoff.

The festival was coming to an end. The Czar arose and commanded silence.

"Hitherto," he said, in smiling, "we have only drank to the health of the happy pair. It is time to give them a substantial token of our friendship. Since I am myself the originator of this joyful marriage, I must give the first example—so take that, Alexandre; put in it what I told you, and pass it round." At these words the Emperor pointed to a little silver basket that lay on the table.

Menzikoff took the basket, and drawing from his bosom a draft for 5,000 roubles, and emptying his own purse, passed the basket to his neighbor the boyard. The latter seemed to reflect a moment, took from his pocket a handful of gold and silver, and with an air of contempt cast an old rouble into the basket, and passed it from him.

This circumstance did not escape the notice of the Emperor. His brow darkened, but soon his gayety returned, and he said, smiling, to Menzikoff:

"You see, Alexandre, the prudence of our Prince de Tscherkaski. He gives only a rouble. He means to say by this that he has no very particular interest in the married parties. It is only a ruse on his part in order to remove any jealousy that a greater gift might awaken. I will wager you that to-morrow he will send a present to the young woman more becoming her rank and position."

"Your Majesty would lose the wager," responded Tscherkaski, in a haughty tone. "The farces of fools and jugglers have never amused me, and I have always pitied those who know not better how to employ their time than to lose it with such creatures. Thus my contribution is at the same time conformed to the circumstances and to my rank, since I do not appreciate beyond measure the office of chamberlain, with which you have gratified me."

The Emperor at first smiled at these words, but his countenance became more stern.

"Our chamberlain," said he, after a pause, "gets angry to get calm again. He must be in a bad humor to-day. I hope he will change his language by the time that another affair occurs, which will interest him more nearly."

Tscherkaski did or wished not to understand the words of the Czar. His wandering and disdainful eyes glanced at the basket offered to the bride and bridegroom. It was filled with gold, rings, bracelets, jewels, and other precious gifts. The universal happiness of the evening had removed from the mind of the Czar the remembrance of the murmurings of the boyard, and Menzikoff had hardly taken his place when the Emperor whispered to him:

"The dispositions you have made to-day in regard to this festivity do you honor. You have perfectly agreed with my own taste in such matters. You have surpassed my expectations."

"It is not I alone," humbly replied the Prince. "The boyard as well as myself—"

"Without doubt, you and he have perfectly fulfilled my intentions. I take not into the account the silver rouble, however," added the Czar, "let that be as it may, ten years hence this place shall be the scene of a similar festivity; and to let you see how I can surpass you, I will myself take charge of the preparations. You may smile, Alexandre, but you will be forced to admit, that without your aid I can arrange a nuptial feast. It is besides the less difficult, since the essentials are already decided upon—the persons to be married."

These words were overheard by those present, and a profound silence ensued.

"Would I be guilty of too much curiosity," said Menzikoff, "if—"

"Ah! you wish to know the young couple," exclaimed the Emperor. "I ought, perhaps, to leave you in this sweet uncertainty; but thanks to this brilliant society whom I invite from to-day, you will know now. Alexis Nicolajewitz," continued he, in addressing the boyard, "you asked me the other day for certain lands near Tula, situated between the boundaries of your property and those of Prince Menzikoff."

"I did, and your Majesty has thought fit to refuse them."

"I refused them, because I had reserved them for another. I wish to give them as a dowry to your daughter."

The astonishment of the boyard was great.—He attempted to speak.

"Silence! I have attached to the grant one condition," said the Czar.

"Your Majesty will order nothing contrary to my conscience and the honor of my house. I humbly ask, then—"

"The condition is, that your daughter shall receive her husband at my hands."

"I have sworn upon the tomb of my wife," responded the boyard, after a pause, "that my daughter shall espouse him only whom she herself freely chooses. But, she is still a child,—and in ten years—"

"Indeed," interrupted the Emperor, whose countenance was sorrowful, "if your daughter should not accept him whom I would propose, the lands will yet belong to her; are you content now?"

"And the rank, the condition of the parties?"

"They are to be the same."

"A single word from our gracious sovereign, is at any time sufficient to destroy all inequalities of rank," said one of the guests.

"You are right, Kurakin," returned the boyard; "as to myself, I rely upon the word of our monarch, who has just said that there is nothing to equalize. Every one to his opinion upon that which concerns him."

"There is a tone of very high pride in your discourse, Alexis Nicolajewitz," responded Peter, who repressed his anger with difficulty. "I have a great mind not to name to you to-day the husband which I, your sovereign, have chosen for the daughter of one of my subjects. But let your insolent vanity subside. Your future son-in-law is of birth equal with yours and your daughter's; he is the only son of a man whom I dearly esteem and honor with distinguished favors. I say it in his presence, and it is my desire he should be honored by others. In a word, your future son-in-law is the companion of your daughter at the feast to-day; he is the little Fedor Menzikoff."

This name came to the ears of the boyard as a thunder-clap, so great was his astonishment.—The assembly waited in vain his response, but he was silent.

"Ah well," Alexis," continued the Czar, "if these two manors are hardly worth thanks, why should I wait for you to consent to the proposed union?"

All eyes were directed to the boyard. No one spoke, and the Czar's impatience yielded to a furious anger.

"And what motive," he at last said, "induces you to reject this gift?"

"The very condition that you have yourself made, gracious sovereign."

"The condition?"

"Yes, that condition which requires my daughter to give her hand to the son of Prince Menzikoff. It can never be fulfilled. It is impossible to accept the gift of your Majesty."

"And why?" fiercely demanded Peter.

"The Czar orders—his servant must obey.—Prince Menzikoff is the son of a serf, but the daughter of Tscherkaski shall never marry a man of so mean extraction," and the blood mounted to the brow of the boyard.

"Insolent dog!" exclaimed Peter, striking his hand upon the table. "Do you not know that a single word from me can make ten serfs ten Princes, and the least among them superior to you in rank and dignity? Oh! by my patron, the Prince of the Apostles, why should I patiently listen to this haughty descendant of the brigands of the Caucasus. I can do more than this, proud boyard; by a breath I can degrade thee and all thy tribe."

Hitherto Tscherkaski held his eyes downward, but now he lifted them and looked steadily at his monarch.

"Your look braves and menaces me," thundered the Czar, beside himself, and shaking his fist towards the boyard. "Reply if you dare, and it is not impossible that your rebellious head rolls from your body this very night, this hour, this minute."

"Certainly, I do not doubt your power. How could I doubt the power of one who, on the same day, without pity and without humanity, cut off the heads of thousands. Surely, the man who tramples under his feet those who were once the support of his crown and authority; who has not only stained his own hands in their blood, but that of his own son—surely he would not hesitate to destroy an old servant, the necessary but guilty instrument of his past vengeance. Come! the arm that once dipped in the massacre of the Kremlin, can hardly take a redder hue from the blood of an unimportant slave."

Peter looked with burning eyes upon his adversary. He arose, as by an impulse, and inclining his head forward, seemed to be engaged in discovering the meaning of those vehement words. But he was endeavoring to stay the tempest that was sweeping over his heart. Some minutes elapsed before he recovered himself from those bitter recollections; and looking with an affected air of calmness and dignity upon the astonished assembly, he said—

"Faithful Russians! you have heard the seditious accusation brought by a subject against his monarch. Whatever may be the number of the Strelitz fallen in an unhappy day, I am not at all concerned about it; they died for the safety and well-being of sacred Russia. If innocent blood flowed at the Kremlin—if, among so many guilty, the sword severed the head of one innocent, I am ready to defend the act. It was from me that the whole transaction originated; it is mine only, and I take the responsibility of it. I had no other means of saving our country from the barbarism that encumbered it, and impeded its elevation to the rank which it should occupy among the nations of Europe. As the bold boyard has truly said, it is I who have brandished the sword, and I ask who is the Russian who dares cite me to his tribunal."

The anger of the Czar was rekindled, and he began anew.

"It is to the tutelary patron of the empire that I am indebted for the power of having executed a resolution which I judged necessary. A disease was undermining the constitution of the empire—the evil was terrible and appeared incurable; like a skilful physician I at once employed the medicine which could alone be successful in arresting the progress of the disease. Could I, in the moment of execution, place the instrument in the trembling hands of a charlatan? No; it was my own hand that held the knife. I felt the wounds which I made; and I say to-day, before God and man, it is I to whom the action belongs, and for which I am ready to answer on earth and on high. Now, as to you, Tscherkaski, you have audaciously rejected the favor I was willing to grant. You have not even feared to accuse your sovereign in the midst of his subjects. If my ancestors were alive your white head would fall from the block, but far from me the thought of shedding the blood of an old brother in arms. Retract, and you may pass your days tranquilly on your own lands. If not," and the voice of the Czar grew more stern, "I send you this night into eternal exile."

"Is it permitted me to take with me my daughter?" coolly asked the old man.

"The child belongs to its parent," replied the Emperor, surprised and hesitating.

"Then, Alexandre Michailowitz," said the boyard, to Menzikoff, "give me two of those bear skins you placed upon the ice-chairs; it is all that is necessary."

"Take him away at once; we have had enough of his arrogance and audacity!" exclaimed the furious Peter, and he repelled Menzikoff, who was endeavoring to intercede for the boyard.

"And whither?" asked the Prince, with a trembling voice.

"To Beresow upon the Ob—— No! to Wokarski upon the Frozen Sea," added Peter, as he beheld the smiling and triumphing air of the boyard.

A few moments after, the old man and his daughter entered a sledge. A party of horsemen accompanied them, and away they went with the swiftness of an eagle towards the dreary regions of the North-West.

Ten years later, Prince Menzikoff, despoiled of his goods, his honors, and his rank, came to share the exile of the boyard. Similar misfortune reconciled two enemies, and the union of their children accomplished the prediction of the Czar.—*International Magazine.*

Selected Sketch.

JOE SMITH AND THE MORMONS.

BY PROFESSOR JAS. F. W. JOHNSTON.

In the future history of mankind, if present appearances are to be trusted, the counties of Wayne and Ontario, New York, are likely to derive an interest and importance, in the eyes of a numerous body of people, from a circumstance wholly unconnected either with their social progress, or with their natural productions or capabilities. In these counties lie the scenes of the early passages in the life of Joe Smith, the founder of the sect of the Mormons.

Born in December, 1805, in Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont, he removed with his father, about 1815, to a small farm in Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, and assisted him on the farm till 1826. He received little education, read indifferently, wrote and spelt badly, knew little of arithmetic, and, in all other branches of learning he was, to the day of his death, exceedingly ignorant.

His own account of his religious progress is, that as early as fifteen years of age he began to have serious ideas regarding the future state, that he got into occasional ecstacies, and that in 1823, during one of these ecstacies, he was visited by an angel, who told him that his sins were forgiven—that the time was at hand when the gospel in its fullness was to be preached to all nations—that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel, who, when they first emigrated to America, were an enlightened people, possessing a knowledge of the true God, and enjoying his favor—that the prophets and inspired writers among them had kept a history or record of their proceedings—that these records were safely deposited—and that, if faithful, he was to be the favored instrument for bringing them to light.

On the following day, according to instructions from the angel, he went to a hill which he calls Cumorah, in Palmyra township, Wayne County, and there, in a stone chest, after a little digging, he saw the records; but it was not till four years after, in September, 1827, that "the angel of the Lord delivered the records into his hands."

"These records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold, were seven by eight inches in size, and thinner than common tin, and were covered on both sides with Egyptian characters, small and beautifully engraved. They were bound together in a volume like the leaves of a book, and were fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. The volume was about six inches in thickness, bore many marks of antiquity, and part of it was sealed. With the records was found a curious instrument, called by the ancient Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, and set in two rims of a bow"—a pair of goggle spectacles, in other words, or "helps to read" unknown tongues.

The report of his discovery having got abroad, his house was beset, he was mobbed, and his life was endangered by persons who wished to possess themselves of the plates. He therefore packed up his goods, concealed the plates in a *barrel of beans*, and proceeded across the country to the Northern part of Pennsylvania, near the Susquehannah River, where his father-in-law resided. Here, "by the gift and power of God, through the means of the Urim and Thummim, he began to translate the record, and, being a poor writer, he employed a scribe to write the translation as it came from his mouth." In 1830 a large edition of the *Book of Mormon* was published. It professes to be an abridgment of the records made by the prophet Mormon, of the people of the Nephites, and left to his son Moroni to finish. It is regarded by the Latter-day Saints with the same veneration as the New Testament is among Christians.

The Church of the Latter-day Saints was organized on the 6th of April, 1830, at Manchester, in Ontario County, New York. Its numbers at first were few, but they rapidly increased, and in 1833 removed to the State of Missouri, and purchased a large tract of land in Jackson County. Here their neighbors tarred and feathered some, killed others, and compelled the whole to remove. They then established themselves in Clay County, in the same State, but on the opposite side of the river. From this place again, in 1835, they removed Eastward to the State of Ohio, settled at Kirtland, in Geauga County, about twenty miles from Cleveland, and began to build a temple, upon which sixty thousand dollars were expended. At Kirtland a bank was incorporated by Joe and his friends, property bought with its notes, and settled upon the Saints, after which the bank failed—as many others did about the same time—and Ohio became too hot for the Mormons. Again, therefore, the Prophet, his Apostles, and a great body of the Saints, left their home and temple, went Westward a second time to the State of Missouri, purchased a large tract of land in Caldwell County, in Missouri, and built the city of the "Far West." Here difficulties soon beset them, and in August, 1838, became so serious that the military were called in; and the Mormons were finally driven, unjustly, harshly, and oppressively, by force of arms, from the State of Missouri, and sought protection in the State of Illinois, on the Eastern bank of the Mississippi.—They were well received in this State, and after wandering for some time — while their leader, Joe Smith, was in jail—they bought a beautiful tract of land in Hancock County, and, in the spring of 1840, began to build the city and temple of Nauvoo. The Legislature of Illinois at first passed an act giving great, and, probably, injudicious privileges to this city, which, in 1844, was already the largest in the State, and contained a population of about twenty thousand souls. The temple, too, was of great size and magnificence—being 128 feet long and 77 feet high, and stood on an elevated situation, from which it was visible to a distance of 25 or 30 miles. In the interior was an immense baptismal font, in imitation of the brazen sea of Solomon—"a stone reservoir, resting upon the backs of twelve oxen, also cut out of stone, and as large as life."

But persecution followed them to Illinois, provoked in some degree, no doubt, by their own behaviour, especially in making and carrying into effect city ordinances, which were contrary to the laws of the State. The people of the adjoining townships rose in arms, and were joined by numbers of the old enemies of the Mormons from Missouri. The militia were called out; and to prevent further evils, Joe Smith and one of his brothers, with several other influential Saints, on an assurance of safety and protection from the Governor of the State, were induced to surrender themselves for trial in respect of the charges brought against them, and were conducted to prison. Here they were inconsiderately left by the Governor, on the following day, under a guard of seven or eight men. These were overpowered the same afternoon by an armed mob, who killed Joe Smith and his brother, and then made their escape. After this, the Mormons remained a short time longer in the Holy City; but the wound was too deep seated to admit of permanent quiet on either part, and they were at last driven out by force, and compelled to abandon or sacrifice their property. Such as escaped this last persecution, after traversing the boundless prairies, the deserts of the Far West, and the Rocky Mountains, appear at last to have found a resting-place near the Great Salt Lake in Oregon. They are increasing faster since this last catastrophe than ever; and are daily receiving large accessions of new members from Europe, especially from Great Britain. They form the nucleus of the new State of Utah, this year erected into a Territory of the United States, and likely, in the next session of Congress, to be elevated to the dignity of an independent State. So rapidly has persecution helped on this offspring of ignorance, and tended to give a permanent establishment, and a bright future, to a system, not simply of pure invention, but of blasphemous impiety, and folly the most insane.

The *Book of Mormon*, which is the written guide of this new sect, consists of a series of professedly historical books—a desultory and feeble imitation of the Jewish chronicles and prophetical books—in which, for the poetry and warnings of the ancient prophets, are substituted a succession of unconnected rhapsodies and repetitions, such as might form the perorations of ranting addresses by a field preacher, to a very ignorant audience.

The book in the edition I possess, consists in all of six hundred and thirty-four pages, of which the first five hundred and eighty contain the history of a fictitious personage called Lehi and that of his descendants for the space of a thousand years.

This Lehi, a descendant of Joseph the son of Jacob, with his family, left Jerusalem in the beginning of the reign of Zedekiah, six hundred years before Christ, and, passing the Red Sea, journeyed Eastward for eight years, till they reached the shore of a wide sea. There they built a ship, and embarking, were carried at length to the Promised Land, where they settled and multiplied. Among the sons of Lehi, one was called Laman and another Nephi. The former was wicked, and a disbeliever in the law of Moses and the Prophets; the latter, obedient and faithful, and a believer in the coming of Christ. Under the leadership of these two opposing brothers, the rest of the family and their descendants arranged themselves, forming the Lamanites and the Nephites, between whom wars and perpetual hostilities arose. The Lamanites were idle hunters, living in tents, eating raw flesh, and having only a girdle round their loins. The skin of Laman and his followers became black; while that of Nephi and his people, who tilled the land, retained its original whiteness. As with the Jews, the Nephites were successful when they were obedient to the law; and, when they fell away to disobedience and wickedness, the Lamanites had the better, and put many to death. At the end of about four hundred years, a portion of the righteous Nephites, under Mosiah, having left their land, travelled far across the wilderness, and discovered the city of Zarahemla, which was peopled by the descendants of a colony of Jews, who had wandered from Jerusalem when King Zedekiah was carried away captive to Babylon, twelve years after the emigration of Lehi. But they were heathens, possessed no copy of the law, and had corrupted their language. They received the Nephites warmly, however, learned their language, and gladly accepted the law of Moses.

This occupies 150 pages. The history of the next two hundred years follows this new people, and that of occasional converts from the Lamanites—called still by the general name of Nephites in their struggles with the Lamanites, and the alternations of defeat and success which accompany disobedience or the contrary. This occupies several books, and brings us to the 486th page, and the period of the birth of Christ. This event is signified to the people of Zarahemla by a great light, which made the night as light as mid-day. And thirty-three years after, there was darkness for three days, and thunderings and earthquakes, and the destruction of cities and people. This was a sign of the crucifixion. Soon after this, Christ himself appears to the people of Zarahemla in America, repeats to them in long addresses the substance of his numerous sayings and discourses, as recorded by the Apostles; chooses twelve to go forth and preach and baptize; and then disappears. On occasion of a great baptizing by the Apostles, however, he appears again; imparts the Holy Spirit to all, makes long discourses, and disappears. And, finally, to the Apostles themselves he appears a third time; and addresses them in ill-assorted extracts and paraphrases of his New Testament sayings.

The account of these visits of our Saviour to the American Nephites, and of his sayings, occupies about 60 pages. For about 400 years, the Christian doctrine and church thus planted among the Nephites, had various fortunes; increasing at first, and prospering, but, as corruptions came in, encountering adversity. The Lamanites were still their fierce enemies; and as wickedness and corrupt doctrine began to prevail among the Christians, the Lamanites gained more advantages. It would appear, from Joe Smith's descriptions, that he means the war to have begun at the Isthmus of Darien—where the Nephites were settled, and occupied the country to the North, while the Lamanites lived South of the Isthmus. From the Isthmus, the Nephites were gradually driven toward the East, till, finally, at the hill of Cumorah, near Palmyra, in Wayne County, Western New York, the last battle was fought, in which, with the loss of 230,000 fighting men, the Nephites were exterminated! Among the very few survivors, was Moroni, the last of the scribes, who deposited in this hill the metal plates which the virtuous Joe Smith was selected to receive from the hands of the angel. This occupies to the 580th page.

But now, in the Book of Ether, which follows, Joe becomes more bold, and goes back to the Tower of Babel for another tribe of fit people, whom he brings over and settles in America. At the confusion of the languages, Ether and his brethren journeyed to the great sea, and, after a sojourn of four years on the shore, built boats under the Divine direction, water-tight, and covered over like walnuts, with a bright stone in each end to give light! And when they had embarked in their tight boats, a strong wind arose, blowing toward the Promised Land, and for 344 days it blew them along the water, till they arrived safe at the shore. Here, like the sons of Lehi, they increased and prospered, and had kings, and prophets, and wars, and were split into parties, who fought with each other. Finally, Shiz rose in rebellion against Coriantumr, the last king, and they fought with alternate success, till two millions of mighty men, with their wives and children, had been slain! And after this, all the people were gathered either on the one side or the other, and fought for many days, till only Coriantumr alone remained alive!

This foolish history is written with the professedly religious purpose of showing the punishment from the hand of God which wicked behaviour certainly entails; and, with some trifling moralities of Moroni, completes the *Book of Mormon.*

Joseph Smith does not affect in this gospel of his to bring in any new doctrine, or to supersede the Bible, but to restore "many plain and [illegible] from the first book by the abominable church, the Mother of Harlots." It is full of silliness, follies, and anachronisms; but I have not discovered, in my cursory review, any of the immoralities, or positive licentiousness which he himself practiced, directly inculcated. He teaches faith in Christ, human depravity, the power of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the Trinity, of the atonement, and of salvation only through Christ. He recommends the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper; and, whatever his own conduct and that of his people may be, certainly in his book prohibits polygamy and priestcraft.

The wickedness of this book consists in its being a lie from beginning to end, and of himself in being throughout an impostor. Pretending to be a "seer"—which, he says, is greater than a prophet—he puts into the hands of his followers a work of pure invention as a religious guide inspired by God, and which, among his followers, is to take the place of the Bible. Though an ignorant man, he was possessed of much shrewdness. He courted persecution, though he hoped to profit, not to die by it. Unfortunately, his enemies, by their inconsiderate persecution, have made him a martyr for his opinions, and have given a stability to his sect which nothing may now be able to shake. It was urged by Smith himself, that the New World was as deserving of a direct revelation as the Old; and his disciples press upon their hearers that, as an *American revelation*, this system has peculiar claims upon their regard and acceptance. The feeling of nationality being thus connected with the new sect, weak-minded native-born Americans might be swayed by patriotic motives in connecting themselves with it. But it is mortifying to learn that most numerous accessions are being made to the body in their new home by converts proceeding from England.* Under the name of the "Latter-day Saints," professing the doctrines of the gospel, the delusions of the system are hidden from the masses by the emissaries who have been dispatched into various countries to recruit their numbers among the ignorant and devoutly-inclined lovers of novelty. Who can tell what two centuries may do in the way of giving a historical position to this rising heresy?

* It has been recently stated that the Mormon emigration from Liverpool alone, up to the present year, has been 13,500, and that they have, on the whole, been superior to and better provided than the other classes of emigrants. Of course, many more of his sect must have emigrated from other ports, and many even from the port of Liverpool, whose faith and ultimate destination was not known.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—The following instance is related by the Edinburgh Weekly Register:

The animal belonged to a celebrated chemist, who tried upon it the effect of a certain poison, and upon the next day administered a counter poison, which had the effect of preserving the creature's life. The next day another dose was offered him; but he would not touch it. Different sorts of poisonous drugs were presented to him, but he resolutely refused all. Bread was offered, but he would not touch it; meat, but he turned from it; water, but he would not drink. To reassure him, his master offered him bread and meat of which he himself ate in the dog's presence; and of that the sagacious animal hesitated not to partake. He was taken to a fountain, but he would drink no where but from the spot where the water gushed free and fresh. This continued for several days, until the master, touched by the extraordinary intelligence of the poor creature, resolved to make no more attempts upon him with his poisons. The dog is now very gay and happy, but will eat nothing that he does not first see his master touch, nor will he drink except from the purest spot of the fountain.

NEWSPAPERS.—Judge Longstreet says: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off from home, at school, should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not, access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last, in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as a curious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will peruse with delight, when they will read nothing else."

Selected Articles.

LEILA GREY.

BY MRS. MAYO.

The tassels wave upon the birch;
The maple blushes o'er the stream;
And through the oriel of the church,
I see the May Moon's yellow beam.
Oh, here upon this mossgrown wall,
Another year, another May,
I saw this same sweet moonlight fall
On me and Leila Grey!

Cold lay her languid hand in mine—
Pale, pale her face beside me shone;
"Sweet Leila Grey, as I am thine,
Say, say that thou art all my own!"
She smiled—she sighed—"Behold," she said,
"Where from the church-tower darkly thrown,
The shadow of the cross lies spread
By yon sepulchral stone.

"There, ere the May Moon comes again,
The hand that presses thine will lie;
Before the reaper cuts the grain,
The death mist will o'ercloud my eye.
But oh, dear Willie! do not weep,
For I am weary, weary here!
And fain beneath yon cross would sleep,
Before another year!

"But when another May returns,
And through the oriel of the church
The golden moonlight dimly burns,
And lights the tassels of the birch;
When yonder maple, by the tower,
Stands blushing like a virgin bride,
Oh come, dear Willie, at this hour,
And rest thee by my side!"

Sweet Leila! I obey thy call;
The May Moon lights the tasselled birch,
And I upon the mossgrown wall,
Am sitting near the grey old church;
The shadow of the cross is thrown,
Where gleams a marble tablet now—
'Twas all the same twelve months ago—
But, Leila, where art thou?

DIARY OF A HONEYMOON.

April 1st.—It was on a beautiful morning of that time of the year, the mysterious influence of which breathes so much happiness and serenity in the soul. I know not what impulse called me, earlier than usual, out of my bed. I arose and strolled through the shady avenues of our grounds. The air was impregnated with those sweet odors which announce the waking of nature. I strove to analyze, as I walked, the strange influence of the breezes of Spring, and my wild imagination abandoned itself to a thousand fantastic caprices. I believed myself happy, but somehow, there was a want. On re-entering the chateau, the mystery was instinctively explained—my melancholy thoughts, my [illegible] loved. Arthur has arrived. H—— was presented to me as the son of an old friend of my father. I easily guessed that our parents had intended to give him a dearer title, and obedience was, in this case, for me an easy virtue. Briefly, I am married to him whom I thus instantly divined to be my destiny. Arthur loves me with delirium. I am wild with joy and happiness.

April 15th.—My Arthur is so agreeable!—These fifteen days of marriage have passed like a delicious dream. Oh, how gaily flows life away! Yes, true happiness is in the union of two hearts that understand each other. And yet, if we were to believe the sour moralists, there is no such thing as love unchanging. I am sure, however, that mine will resist all the tempests of life. I reflected well before marrying Arthur. I am no longer a child. I shall soon be sixteen.

May 1st.—Oh, the wit, the charm, the distinguished eloquence of my beloved! We have chosen to have no witnesses of our felicity.—We live in solitude absolute. How truly says a celebrated writer—"Love is egotism for two." How fleetly fly the hours with these exquisite expansions in which the soul of my Arthur reveals to me, every day, new riches. The world, with its fallacious pleasures, its hypocritical professions, has no longer any charm for me. What a lovely existence is mine! If I only had not this slight indisposition ——.

May 15th.—Arthur is, as usual, the most tender of husbands. No one could be more gallant or more attentive. He seems to divine all my tastes, my most secret desires. Our solitude is the same. We live for each other only. For some days past the weather is gloomy and wet, and the walking out of doors impossible. The day seems so very long! Arthur looks at himself a great deal in the glass. He is the least in the world a coxcomb, my Arthur! And so, then, it is true what they say, that men think of themselves before anybody else.

June 1st.—Arthur grows absent and taciturn. I do not know why—I that am ordinarily so merry and light-hearted, I have now my moments of sadness. To kill time I amuse myself with writing down these stages of our honeymoon.—Arthur, with a professional tone, which does not become him, represses my literary turn, and calls me a blue-stocking! "Ink," he said, with a sneer, to-day, "looks out of place upon my rosy fingers." I had not before perceived that he is naturally of a sneering and contradictory disposition. It is a mean kind of fault.

June 10th.—As in the days, alas, so long gone by, when I gave myself up to intoxicating dreams of happiness, I rose to-day with the dawn. I hoped to find in the woods and fields, the sweet emotion of former time. I called Arthur to accompany me; but he had already gone out with the sportsmen, and this pursuit now occupies all his days. I cannot conceive what pleasure men take in killing poor beasts that have never done them any harm. But they say they have need of excitement. Arthur! oh, Heaven, has it already come to this?

June 20th.—When we were first married Arthur slept with his head bare. He was so handsome that way. Now, horror! he covers his beautiful head with a vulgar cotton night-cap.—Is it possible that a gentleman born can submit to such inelegant carelessness?

June 22nd.—To-day Arthur came back from the chase with a cigar in his mouth. This horrid odor follows me everywhere. Decidedly, my husband has all the vices of mankind.

June 24th.—Our days, now, pass without our exchanging a word. I am, almost always, alone. If he comes in for a moment, he reads, gapes, and does not look at me. If my tears come, in spite of me, he leaves the room, whistling the air of a new opera.

June 25th.—We have quarreled, and pretty seriously, too. I have determined to submit no longer to his tyranny. I have known him at last—he is a common-minded, pretentious vulgarian, with patrician airs; a fool, with the frisky flourish of a counting house clerk. For the rest, he is my husband!

June 26th.—The monster! He has deserted me! He has gone to Paris, doubtless to swear to another the devotion he once pretended to feel for me. How completely I have been thrown away. I am the most unhappy of women.—Well, I have decided. I will never see him again, and the next thing is a comfortable separation.

☞ "Peggy, the corn's up."

"The corn up! Why I only planted it yesterday."

"I know that—but the hogs got in last night, and gav it a lift you hadn't counted on."

Scene closes with grand tableau—in the midst of which Peggy seizes a poker and rushes out.

WOMEN, AND THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

That female life, in the middle and upper circles, is now comparatively objectless, need not be argued. Honorable individual exceptions there are, but we speak of the mighty mass. We would not now reproach that listless mood, into which the two often relapse, but inquire how it can be obviated. That one of the best [illegible] in elevating woman consists in giving her something to do, need not be argued, for, take great men and women, and little ones, and all the intermediate grades, who have little to do, they do little, no matter what may be their original capacities, and great men owe their greatness quite as much to that pressure of business which taxes their energies as to the energies themselves. If, therefore, something can be contrived which shall thoroughly interest woman, and give her agreeable employment, a great step toward her improvement will be thereby accomplished.

Among other occupations will she not find much pleasure and health in the kitchen garden? An abundance of those productions which it furnishes, is indispensable to the comfort of every family, to say nothing of the coolness of purchasing what is absolutely requisite for a family in this line. Now men will rarely turn aside from other matters to make a first-rate family garden, and it has long struck us that this comes properly within woman's sphere. That it is her place to prepare vegetables for the table is obvious. Then why not pick as well as dress? And why not plant and tend as well as pick? Why not, by this means, not only help her laborious husband support the family, but also furnish that family with items of luxury which they cannot obtain from any other quarter; for the husband, even if he plants a garden, will not always properly attend it, and too generally neglect it altogether.

One additional argument in favor of this suggestion is derived from woman's *imperative need of out-door air and exercise.* Of house air and house work many women, at least of the laboring classes, have too much already, but to work within doors, is almost as injurious as beneficial. Muscular exercise demands a proportionate supply of oxygen. To work within doors then, unless special pains are taken to ventilate the house is peculiarly exhausting, and often worse than no exercise at all, because it spends the life power without allowing a re-supply; whereas, the same work performed in fresh air, would fully arterialize the blood and re-invigorate the system. Does it require any argument to prove that woman needs more out-door exercise than she now has? Would she not be every way more healthy, and fulfil all the duties which now devolve upon her with far greater efficiency? And how shall she get this exercise? Objectless walking, or walking merely for exercise, or without any stirring motive, does not accomplish the true purpose of such exercise; on the contrary, to be beneficial it must interest the mind, and thereby call out the muscles. [illegible] ly practised would answer a good purpose, yet even that, taken for the mere sake of the exercise does not quite fulfil the physiological conditions requisite for health, though of course indefinitely better than no exercise. But if woman should once break over those artificial usages which shame her if seen out-doors, would she not find in the kitchen garden scope for the exercise of both mind and muscle, including that fresh air requisite to render exercise beneficial? Not that she should neglect her household duties; nor need she, for two or three hours per day would keep a good sized family garden in a prosperous condition, and this is as little out-door exercise as any female should allow herself to take.

Is there not another argument for this view in the fact that she will thereby not only save the husband's purse, but also often be enabled to treat him to those dainties which, coming from her, would be peculiarly acceptable, and thus enhance their mutual love—she increasing her love by fondly proffering pleasing dishes for his palate, and he reciprocating that love by means of the *gratitude* which such a course would enkindle within him?

In many of the Bible stories is to be found a vast amount of practical human nature and common sense; and the story of Isaac, and the blessings he pronounced upon Jacob, are in point—for, in order that he might bless his darling boy, it seemed requisite that he should have a most *delicious feast.* This feast, it seems, was promotive of that superior state of mind requisite to render the blessing efficacious. Accordingly, Esau was directed to procure the daintiest kind of game, and dress it in the most delicious manner. But, while Esau was gone, Rebecca killed the best kid of the flock, cooked it in the best manner, feasted her husband, and thereby secured the blessing to her favorite, Jacob.

Another point in illustration, is to be found in Leah, and those mandrakes, by means of which she hoped to enhance Jacob's love, namely, by *pleasing his palate.* Let a hard-working husband come home from the toils of the day, having patiently undergone those toils that he might earn money for his wife and children, and as he sits down fatigued to the supper table, let his wife say, "here, husband, are some strawberries. I planted the vines, and have nursed them, and it gives me great pleasure to set them before you." Or make a like remark of raspberries, blackberries, currants, peaches, grapes, or pears, would he not eat them with a sweeter relish, and be much happier and more affectionate to his family the balance of the evening, on account of this mark of affection on her part? Gratitude is a fundamental basis of love. By these, and like means, can a wife win upon the gratitude of her husband, and thereby either restore or rekindle that love; if this be true of fruits, is it not equally true of garden luxuries? Let a wife always serve up to her husband corned beef and cabbage, or pork and potatoes, with very little from the vegetable kingdom, or let her buy vegetables of the gardener or market-man at a considerable expense, and they will not relish as if she procured them by her own industry, nor can they ever be as fresh or delicious as if she herself picked them the very day of their preparation. But let another wife take the entire charge of the kitchen garden, and be anxious to serve out to her husband agreeable dishes from the luxurious lap of Nature, and unless he have the heart of a stone, he will be grateful to the good woman who thus gratifies so important a department of nature, and that gratitude will rekindle his love.

Suppose, moreover, the wife should not only raise strawberries or other berries enough for family use in their season, but should preserve them in various forms so as to continue the delicacy through a large portion of the year, or serve up some other like gustatory gratification, would she not thereby win upon the affectionate regards of the entire family, day by day, and year by year, and herself be a thousand fold repaid for her labors, by the efforts of husband and children to seek *her* good as cordially and effectively as she sought and secured theirs?

You will hear more from us on this subject hereafter; meanwhile, let those who approve of the subject matter of this article, forthwith put it in practice by selecting their ground, taking the gardening implements in their hands, and giving *personal* superintendence and labor to the accomplishment of so desirable an end. Let us see who will take the *premium* for the best kitchen garden got up by female labor. Let a generous emulation on the subject be inspired in our women.

☞ "Doctor, do you think a thin shoe is bad for consumption?"

"Not at all, my love—it is what it lives on."

The doctor rather had her that time.

Miscellaneous.

THE DECLINE OF SPAIN NOT [illegible]

[illegible]

"People have sometimes [illegible] that Castile was very [illegible] ... Spain was not a decay of the nation, it was [illegible] ... the welfare of the nation be not perilled."

This instructive extract lets us into the secret of the want of vital energy in the Spanish nation, which failed to maintain the high position won by the valor and intellect of its people, because it did not place a proper value on productive industry. It should, however, be remarked, that this disdain of plodding labor and mechanical pursuits, and of commerce in all its branches, led the Spaniards into the search for mineral wealth in the New World, or the Indies, as Spanish America was called; and in this way the American mines were prejudicial to the State, though it may be something more than doubtful if the hidalgos would have been a particle more [illegible] to their King.

Spain was ruined before she commenced relying largely from the American mines, or rather it should be said that she was in the high road to ruin, from which nothing but a miracle could have induced her to depart—and however tired St. Jago, the Spaniards' patron, was of interfering in their behalf on Moorish and Mexican battle-fields, he seems never to have troubled himself about less ... matters than the ... He had a most hidalgo-like disdain of every thing useful, clearly having as little sympathy with "common people" as Graham of Claverhouse himself. The idea that generally prevails is, that immediately after the discovery of America, there was a flood of the precious metals poured into Spain, in consequence of which that country became poor, the general running after these metals causing an entire neglect of profitable modes of industry; whereas the truth is, that it was not until far into the reign of Philip II., that the income from the American mines became large, and that monarch did not ascend the throne until more than sixty years after the discovery of the Western World. Charles V., it has been truly said, was saved from absolute bankruptcy more by the aid he received from the Netherlands than by that which he received from America; and Philip II., his son, and successor in most of his dominions, was compelled more than once to "repudiate," though most English writers will stoutly insist that repudiation is a pure Yankee invention and practice.

What renders the naval decay of Spain the more remarkable is the uncommon facilities which she has for becoming and remaining one of the first of maritime States. Turn to the map, and observe what an extent of sea-coast she has. Observe how she looks out, defiantly as it were, on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and the Bay of Biscay. Her Mediterranean Coast, extending from the Gulf of Roses to Algeciras, runs for hundreds of miles, and has such ports as Roses, Barcelona, Tarragona, Tortosa (on the Ebro,) Valencia, Alicant, Carthagena, Malaga, and scores of smaller and less noted places. Cadiz, famous for its commerce centuries before the first Roman robber had heard the murmurings of the Tiber, and which is yet one of the first commercial places of Europe, looks out from the South-Western extremity of Spain towards that "Evening Land" which had haunted the human mind for so many ages; and not far from her lies Seville, on the Guadalquivir, once the seat of the trade with the Indies, as they called America. On the North-West are Vigo and Corunna, while Gijon, Santander and St. Sebastian, lie on the Bay of Biscay. With such ports, and with a people who are individually brave, daring, and adventurous, Spain ought to be the first maritime power of Europe, after England, and inferior to England in that respect only because the latter has so immense a colonial dominion. Nothing but her own folly, indolence, bigotry, and insolent disregard of honest and honorable productive industry, have prevented Spain in the nineteenth century from being almost as powerful as she was in the sixteenth century, when she owned both Indies, made Portugal one of her dependencies, was lord paramount of all that part of Italy over which she did not rule directly, controlled the Government of France, and made that of England to tremble. Her humiliation is the best proof that can be adduced that it is industry alone which can make a nation permanently great. She and England might stand, for the benefit of the nations, as the Idle Apprentice and the Industrious Apprentice in Hogarth's pictures do for the example of individuals. There is much in England that might be amended, many things that are either indecorous or positively vicious; but we are to recollect that Spain has all these, and fifty other evils that are altogether unknown in England. A nation that is simply bigoted may get along, but let it add laziness to bigotry, and it is forever undone.—*Boston Museum.*

Advertising.—The door to wealth, respectability, influence and honor, is thrown wide open to all. He who neglects advertising his business in the newspapers, not only robs himself of his fair advantages, but bestows the spoils on his rivals. It is idle to speak of the cost of advertising as an impediment—as well might one object to the cost of sheltering his goods, protecting them from thieves, or dealing them out to customers.

☞ Tears Down.—A resolution was lately introduced by a conscientious old man, at a recent meeting of a religious society in one of the back settlements, of the following import:—"Resolved, that mourner timber is underlining like and dishonest." But habit had become so strong, that the resolution was promptly voted down.

THE USE OF SEALS LEGALLY.

[illegible]

"A letter forged! St. Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gavin, ne'er could pen a line."

In such a state of society, when knightly honor and classical accomplishments with literary pursuits, and those as well as words were the ... of [illegible] ... It was thus the case that after the clerk had drawn the writing, the affixing of the seal was the only act of the principal to the ... Common people, when required to sign, made simply a mark, as is now the case in the British courts ... The presence of a seal made the instrument valid, without the witness; but the latter being evidence perhaps by third parties, were of no effect without the seal.

As society advanced, this reason for seals passed away; as all could read and write, they could express in clear terms the obligations they contracted into. The practice was retained in relation to public matters, as a part of that royal pomp meant to dazzle the eyes of the vulgar. Kings began by using seals because they could not write, and continued it as a matter of pomp. The Lord Chancellor of England is keeper of the "great seal," which must be impressed upon all charters, commissions, grants of lands, titles of nobility, franchises, liberties, letters, pardons, &c., of the King. All those matters pass Parliament by bill prepared by the Attorney General. The bill is signed by the monarch, and sealed with the privy seal, kept by a member of the Ministry, called Lord Privy Seal; it is then taken to the chancery and passes the great seal. This farce has been imitated to some extent on this side of the Atlantic; and we sometimes hear a small State making a great bluster about her "broad seal."

Following this absurdity, the British Law Courts made a difference between sealed and unsealed instruments, and the Courts and lawyers of the United States, following blindly the old feudal formalities, have imitated monarchial notions in this, too. This distinction is one of those idle complexities of the law that become the fruitful source of wrong and injustice. As thus: suppose a man contracts two debts of exactly the same nature, with two different individuals, owing each the same sum, and under precisely the same circumstances. Each of them takes a note for the amount, expressing upon its face that he owes the money, and will pay it in a certain time. Common sense would say that these two parties had the same claims for justice, and stood on an equal footing. If there were no lawyers, all that would be necessary would be to exhibit the note to a Judge, and claim payment. But there are lawyers, and on presenting the note, both are found to be exactly alike, except that one says at the bottom, "witness my hand and seal," and has a bit of paper stuck on with a wafer. This note has, by law, superior claim to the other, and if there is only enough to pay the holder, he may take all, to the exclusion of the other; again, it will hold good sixteen years, while the other will expire in six years. This idle form makes the use of a lawyer necessary in the matter. In some cases, the words "witness my hand and seal," constitute the charm, if there is no seal; but the seal without the words is not a seal. It is an absurd tradition of monarchical law, adopted into our institutions, which professes to guarantee equal justice. It is time that a reform should be effected, and that the nature of the obligation alone should determine the mode of redress, and not the manner of signing the name, as is now the case.

Out of these ridiculous frivolities of the law, grow three forms of action to recover a just debt, viz: assumpsit, debt and covenant, all of which but vary only in the form of signing the name.—The plaintiff is subject to different rules of pleading, pertaining to each of these modes. In debt he must plead to every matter of defence, specially, and in covenant he encounters a sagaciously drawn "declaration," crowded with legal pits to entrap him, and the skill of the lawyer in twisting through these artificial absurdities, often defeats the ends of justice. The Judicial Committee of the New York Legislature have reported in favor of an entire reform in the practice of pleading, so that common sense shall have some influence in law as well as other matters.

Clippings.

☞ The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough.

☞ For the period of five hundred years, according to Pliny, the historian, Rome banished the doctors from the eternal city and prohibited their medical practice.

☞ A correspondent of the Builder, has communicated a very simple method of preventing damp walls, by the mere outside application of a lather of soap and hot water, and then as soon as dry sprinkling the wall with a saturated solution of alum. He states that he prepared several pieces in this way, and water poured on the wall ran off as from a duck's back, without producing the least effect.

☞ A Milwaukie, Wisconsin paper, mentions having seen a leaf of a mammoth pie plant, measuring 12 feet around the circumference. It was grown without extra care.

☞ Flirtation, whether seriously or lightly considered, is injurious to a woman as well as exceedingly unbecoming in her. It is a broad, unblushing confession, which the individual makes of her desire to attract the notice of men.

☞ The Boston papers are rejoicing over the termination of Jenny Lind's contract with Mr. Barnum. The Transcript heads the intelligence—"Jenny Free—The Nightingale Uncaged."

☞ Horace Greeley, after a long string of advice for those who are going to follow him across the Atlantic, winds up as follows:—"If the day of your embarkation be fair, take a long, earnest gaze at the sun, so that you will know him again when you return. They have something they call the sun over here, which they show occasionally, but it looks more like a boiled turnip than it does like its American namesake."

☞ The President has appointed Thomas U. Walter, of Philadelphia, Architect and Superintendent of the proposed enlargement of the Capitol. The work is to be commenced immediately.

☞ Heaven's Bank.—Carlyle says there are many millionaires whose note of hand will go to any length in the streets of London, and to whom in Heaven's Bank, the stern answer is, "No Effects."

☞ Oyster shells have been laid on the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad, and have proved an excellent remedy for the dust which is such an annoyance to railroad travelling.

☞ A formal old gentleman, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted and called to his servant in the following manner:—"Tom, take off the saddle which is upon my bay horse, and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from the gray horse, and put it upon my bay horse; lastly, put the other saddle upon the gray horse." The fellow gaped all the while, and when his master had concluded, asked if he didn't "want the saddles changed?"

☞ Governor T. W. Dorr, since his release from State Prison, has entered into the editorial line, and is now the conductor of the Providence Herald. Almost any editor would make a good Governor, but there are precious few Governors capable of being editors.

☞ A man was seen near Broadway, this morning, in petticoats, and with a bonnet on. When asked by the police why he wore this costume, he replied, "My wife has taken my clothes, and I have taken hers."—*New York Express.*

☞ Ludicrous mistakes sometimes happen from people not understanding that the same words have very different meanings in different languages. Mrs. Siddons was once told that a high government officer had shot himself in his *bureau*, or office. "Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, "how did he get into it?" confounding the word with what in English means a piece of common domestic furniture.

☞ The hemp crop of Missouri is so dense-paid that many persons are ploughing it up.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the postage is *just the same on a first class paper*, as on the meanest and poorest of the small repr[ints].

THE IRON HAND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

In our next paper we design commencing the publication of this original novelet. In this era of Prize Stories, it may be not out of place to state that we gave Mr. Arthur for "The Iron Hand" the sum of

$150.00.

It will probably run through about four or five numbers of the Post. We shall, as usual, print an extra edition to accommodate new subscribers.

This is a capital time for those who are in the habit of borrowing the Post weekly from their neighbors, to begin taking it for themselves; as in addition to this novelet, they will obtain the interesting and instructive Illustrated Lectures on India.

THE HIGHER LAW.

Governor Hubbard, of Maine, in his address delivered on the 15th ult., says, every citizen has the undoubted right to canvass every measure of government, and by argument, by invective, by ridicule, to render it odious, if he can, to the power who may modify, or abrogate it at their pleasure. But, "when he goes one step further, and claims the right to determine for himself whether he will obey the law, or resist its execution, he claims that which no government can concede and exist."

"*To determine for himself*," says Governor Hubbard—why who, we respectfully ask, is to determine it for him? If he is a Catholic, of course, the Church is to determine it—but with Protestants, who hold to the right of "private judgment," every man must determine for himself the innocency or sinfulness of any and every action.

It strikes us that the politicians generally have made a very great boggle of this "higher law" business. The above doctrine of Governor Hubbard's would condemn almost every great martyr and reformer since the beginning of the world. Our politicians, and even statesmen, seem not to perceive that there is a middle ground between simple obedience and violent resistance. Forcible resistance to a law can only be justified by the right of revolution—a right, in our opinion, of somewhat doubtful authority, in a *Christian* point of view. But the right of revolution, it is universally granted, can only spring into existence as a consequence of a "long series of abuses and usurpations."

Shall we say, then, that a man is religiously bound to obey laws that he conscientiously believes sinful, until he is prepared to attempt a forcible overthrow of the government? Should the Covenanters, Quakers, and other unpopular sects of Dissenters, have obeyed the British laws enforcing their meeting together for worship? Shall we obey men, in any case, rather than that which we believe to be the voice of God?

It seems to us that the true Christian ground between violent resistance to what are believed to be sinful laws, and simple obedience, is this—Passive Disobedience; or, rather, an active disobedience of the law, and a passive submission to its penalties, be they fines, imprisonment or death. This, it seems to us, was the ground taken by the early Christians. It is that adopted by the Quakers in England, with regard to tithes, and, in this country, as to militia fines.

But some will ask, would you counsel men to disobey the law? We answer, every man is *bound* to disobey any law which he conscientiously believes to enjoin upon him the doing of a sinful action. Disobey the law, and bear the penalty. Stir up no tumult, no sedition—put not the constituted authorities at naught by the strong hand—but, like the early Christians, disobey and suffer.

And no one need fear, that the prevalence of a doctrine of this character, would lead to a general habit of setting the laws of the land at defiance. Fines and imprisonment are not such pleasant things that many men will encounter them, even for conscience sake. Active resistance to laws may lead to general insubordination, because the ability to practically annul a law, generally includes the ability to also annul the penalties of resistance; but to disobey, and passively suffer the consequences, is what few men will do unless they religiously believe themselves sustained by the outstretched hand of Jehovah.

THE RAPPINGS.

Our readers will remember that several of the statements which we have published respecting the "rappers"—in fact one or two of the most marvellous of them—were derived from the New York Tribune. One, in particular, was signed by Mr. Greeley himself, he personally vouching for its truth, and evidently almost convinced that "spirits" were among us, who had been deprived of their tongues,—probably as a judgment for the lies they had told when on earth—and were now in a fair way of losing their hands and feet also. But, as we learn from the "Pittsburg Saturday Visiter," Mr. Greeley is now fully convinced that he was deluded. A letter from an intimate friend of his to Mrs. Swisshelm, says:

Mr. Greeley was, at one time, a full believer in these supposed spiritual manifestations, but he is now entirely satisfied that he was deceived—and he has detected his little Fox girl in her tricks, and proved her in more than one falsehood.

On the day of his departure for England, he said to me that he now considered it "*all a humbug*." Mr. Greeley has tried every possible means to satisfy himself of its truth, but has utterly failed.

It is further stated that one of the little female Foxes made her home, for a time, in Mr. Greeley's family.

We find the "rappers" have still a defender in the editor of the "Boston Transcript." He says:

It is utterly idle to say that any person can by the cracking of his joints produce the very peculiar and various imitative sounds, which are heard in presence of the media. Our friend of the Express may rest assured that the riddle, simple as it may ultimately prove to be, has not yet been solved.

It is evident, however, that the "rappers" are getting very rapidly used up. Instead of astonishing the public by their "raps," they are now being astonished themselves by *raps* in and from every direction. Unless they take means before long to revive the public faith a little, they will be consigned to a place among the enrolled cheats and impostors of the world, and the knocking delusion be chronicled in history as one of the most curious developments of this very curious, strange and startling nineteenth century.

By the way, where is Dr. Phelps? Has any one ever been able to throw light upon those curious manifestations in his house at Stratford?

CONSCIENTIOUS GENTLEMEN.

Cardinal Wiseman boasts that he has a pocket list of 300 Protestant clergymen, or more, ready to come over to Rome, if the stumbling-block of necessary repudiation of their wives could be removed.

We do not see that there is any "stumbling-block" of the kind in the way. The Catholic laity are allowed to have wives, and there is no necessity that the above Protestant clergymen should become priests. Converts that are only willing to embrace what they believe truth, in case they can obtain the same position in the new church that they hold in the old, are converts of a very questionable character.

JENNY LIND.

The farewell concerts of Jenny Lind in Philadelphia, were worthy of her fame. The sudden termination of her compact with Mr. Barnum seemed to add new zest to the enthusiasm of the public. There has always been a feeling in the popular mind that the two were not well suited. Mr. Barnum is very good in his way, but his way and Jenny's are different. [illegible] ... It could not be otherwise, if one tenth of their character be [illegible].

The ... of the engagement at the close of the 93d concert, is said to have arisen from Mr. Barnum ... Jenny's evident dissatisfaction with the selection of the "National Theatre" (a Circus) for her Philadelphia concerts. That building had the advantage of holding a large number of people; it had the disadvantage of being a Circus, and of not being especially adapted for musical purposes. The Musical Fund Hall was its opposite in all these respects. Barnum chose the Circus, valuing the receipts above the propriety and credit of the performances; Jenny would have chosen the Musical Fund. To be fair to Mr. Barnum, it may be that he also desired to gratify the public by putting a portion of the tickets at one and two dollars. This is simply our view of the matter; we do not pretend to be in the confidence of either party.

As it was finally settled, Jenny agreed to furnish $30,000 for cancelling her contract at the 93d instead of the 150th concert. Her gross receipts at the two concerts given on her own account, were probably about $4,500 an each evening.

Of Jenny's singing at these farewell concerts, we shall say little—for it would be but a repetition in substance of what we have previously said. Many think that, of all her English songs, "Comin' through the Rye," is the most captivating. All the English songs were more warmly received than the Italian ones—Home carrying the day completely over fashion.

After completing her engagement in Boston, Jenny will rest awhile from her labors, singing perhaps occasionally at some of the Lake cities, and then return to Europe. It is said that she designs to revisit America; certainly her reception upon her tour just closed would warrant it.

FREE WILL.

A correspondent of the Ledger attempts to prove that "the action of both body and mind is governed by law or necessity"—that the mind of man is governed as absolutely by Omnipotent power, as the planet which revolves in a destined orbit.

We do not care to argue a matter which is beyond and above argument. In metaphysics and morals, as in mathematics, some things must be taken as self-evident truths. The man who denies that the whole is, in every case, greater than a part, must be left to his delusion. So with the belief in a Creator, in the fact of existence, and in Free Will—they are self-evident truths, which underlie all logic. You cannot build, in the spiritual or the material world, without a solid foundation. You cannot *build* a foundation—you must *find* it already built by a higher power, in the great spaces of matter and of mind.

As to Free Agency, it is a fact of consciousness. We *know* it, both in our instinctive feeling of its existence, and in our sense of responsibility to God and man. We know it as the eye knows white is white, and black is black. It is not a matter of argument, but of spiritual perception. And however irreconcilable it may be made to appear with the Omnipotent power of the Creator, it is no more irreconcilable with His omnipotence, than the existence of evil is with His justice and goodness. Certain it is, that without free agency and the liability to sin, man might be something else, but he would not be man. And it may be a sufficient answer to those who cavil at the existence or rather possibility of evil, to answer that it is a necessity of free agency—it being impossible to have one without the other.

THE MORMONS.

The reader will find on our first page an interesting account of the progress of this singular sect. It is said that the Mormons are adding to their church at this moment in England, 500 adult disciples every month; and they avow a determination to convert the whole island to their peculiar religious views. We do not think there is much danger, however, of their succeeding.

In this country, the Salt Lake Community appear to behave themselves pretty well at present, barring their Turkish opinions and practices relative to Marriage. Those at Beaver Island, however, have at length progressed to the deliberate murder of two men by the name of ... refused to obey their laws—at least such is the charge, and we are inclined to believe it. In truth, as Strang, their leader, has been setting up very extravagant pretensions of late, calling himself their king and high priest. The authorities of Michigan are about investigating the matter.

Religious freedom is one thing; and freedom to plunder and murder under the cloak of religion is another and very different thing. Even for the members of any religious sect to band together to advance themselves politically, to the exclusion of others—and thus to carry their religion to the polls—is an offence against the spirit of our institutions. The occasional pandering of demagogues to the Mormons, and other religious bodies, for the sake of their votes, is also productive of great evil.

THE YELLOW SPRINGS.

We call the attention of our city readers to this well-known place of Summer resort. The springs are numerous, varying from the purest rock water to the most strongly impregnated chalybeate, at different degrees of temperature. They are said to possess great medicinal virtues, both tonic and alterative, and are regarded as very excellent in many classes of nervous disease. All kinds of baths can be had by invalids, while persons in health can be accommodated with sufficient of rich and generous viands to make them sick, if they are disposed to eat in excess. The house and grounds have been much improved within a short time past, and the present proprietor, Mrs. Neff, appears to be determined to do everything in her power to maintain and even increase the old reputation of the establishment.

HORRIBLE.

One of the daily papers the other day, advised the city authorities to "*improve*" the vacant ground attached to the Girard Bank, for the sake of an increased revenue. When we consider how the interest of the great majority of private holders of land prompts them to build on every foot of ground they can in the heart of the city, we are thankful that some of the property is held by those who can afford, for the sake of health and beauty, to leave it unoccupied, save by trees and flowers. We think that our daily contemporary, on second thought, will withdraw his recommendation. The danger in this country is of sacrificing too much to the "almighty dollar." Had it not been for William Penn's generosity and foresight, we probably should not have a single public square at this time in the city of Philadelphia.

A FIRST STEP.

By a late Kentucky Law, *widows* having children of a proper age to attend school, are allowed the privilege of voting for trustees of the public schools. This certainly is only just. The widows have to pay taxes, and have equal interest with other parents in the proper management of the schools, and therefore should have an equal voice in the election of the superintendents. In case of a wife, the idea of the law is that, as she and her husband are one—or ought to be one—she is represented by her husband.

SENSIBLE.

The students in the College of South Carolina, having organized a Southern Rights' Association, and issued a fiery address to the students of the other Southern Colleges, the young men of the Tennessee University have replied that they deprecate the spirit displayed by their South Carolina friends, and "also the uncalled-for interference of *Schoolboys* in political affairs, which they should ever entrust to the care and supervision of their seniors and superiors."

Gas Works, Glue Factories, &c.—The communication of "Carbon" in answer to our remarks upon Gas Works, Glue Factories, &c., is crowded out this week by a press of matter. It will keep, however, without spoiling—or, if it does spoil, so much the better; our correspondent likes the smell of corruption, thinks it favorable to health, &c. Doubtless if he could have his way, he would, in the excess of his philanthropy, put a dead horse at every man's door.

☞ Hon. W. Wilkins, who made such an impressive appeal to the Democratic Judicial Convention of this State, upon the importance of selecting suitable men as candidates for Judges of the Supreme Court, voted for Judge Campbell, of this city.

☞ Shortly before the decease of John C. Calhoun, some of his friends conceived the idea of raising a fund to pay off his debts, and send him to Europe, and unknown to him had partly executed the plan when he died. They have given the money raised ($30,000) to his widow.

THE NEW COSTUME.

We have had the above costume engraved, because it is said by a Boston periodical (Gleason's Pictorial,) to be an *accurate picture of that worn by a lady in Boston.*

As this matter of dress is still a subject of great discussion in this and other cities, we furnish our lady readers with the latest information upon it.

A lady describing her first promenade in the new costume, in New York city, alleges that the great point of discussion among the boys was, whether she was a Turkish woman, or Jenny Lind—the latter opinion having many and *loud* supporters. She says, speaking of older observers:—

Surprise, admiration, indignation, *holy horror*—every passion that could twist a muscle, was brought into action. A trio of ladies would be plodding gravely on; but the moment they espied the dress, they would halt as if paralyzed, hold up their hands, and burst into involuntary laughter. Some would pass us in dumb astonishment, and directly they recovered from the shock, would turn back and regard us, as if to make sure they were awake, and really in this world. One clump of pugnacious propensities performed this feat two or three times, and, at the climax of her indignation, wheeled round in front of us, and revenged her insulted sex by hurling in our teeth, with all the intensity that gin could impart to injured modesty, the sentence, "*Redicilous!*" Whereupon she disappeared in a dirty alley, and we saw her no more. In Broadway, as we were passing a pair of hairy bipeds, we heard something like a hiss, but the sound was so muffled by the hair through which it had to pass, and the hale of tobacco smoke with which their modesty was invested, that the keenness of the rebuke was slightly impaired. I may remark here, that we invariably found, the more *decided* the *disapprobation*, the more *doubtful* the *character*.

As to the last remark, we do not doubt its truth, for, however others might disapprove of the new dress, they would not forget the rules of good breeding.

The following remarks of Mr. Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace, in the course of a speech in reply to a toast, has a direct bearing upon this subject:

In one respect only had he been disappointed, for he had found that the Crystal Palace would be a difficult place to keep clean. (Laughter.) He had designed a machine to obviate that inconvenience of a hundred horse-power—(laughter)—and he had got the Commissioners to incur expense in having these machines made. They would have answered very well, but they had never been called into requisition, for they were not needed. As a policeman had remarked to him, the building had been kept completely clean by the rich silk dresses of the ladies. (Laughter.)

As for ourselves, we leave the following remarks to the views of a contemporary, as expressed in another column, as also with those quoted by us some time since, from Mrs. Swisshelm. The following, from the Providence Journal, also appears to us to contain considerable truth:

The Turkish female dress is a very awkward one, and that is sufficient reason why it should not be adopted. We go for "woman's rights" in almost every thing else, but not in her right to make herself hideous. She has no right to make herself look like an overgrown schoolgirl, or a French doll, or a bantam chicken.—And upon this fact, that the dress is not becoming, we rest our hopes of never seeing it adopted. It might be uncomfortable, inconvenient, unhealthful, absurd, ridiculous, and we should feel that any opposition was desperate; but it is unbecoming, and for all the chances of success, it might better be murderous. Napoleon, in the height of his power, could never bring into fashion his boot maker, an awkward workman, whom he favored because the man gave him credit when he was a poor lieutenant. The French people would pay taxes for him, change their Government for him, follow him to war, and conquest, and death; but they would not wear mis-shapen boots, not even for the Emperor. So the ladies, whatever else they may do, they will never, and they never ought to adopt a style of dress which is positively unbecoming.

Still, the love of novelty, if nothing else, will urge many into the new movement. Many ladies are all prepared, and simply waiting for the public eye to become familiarized with the pantalettes, before exhibiting themselves in public. The Lowell Courier says that one dealer in that city has sold two hundred Camilla hats within a few days.

The "Boston Commonwealth" thus describes a dress that recently appeared in one of the streets of that city. Is it not nearly the same style as that we give above?

A Bloomer of "moral stature" appeared on Washington street, Saturday afternoon, and attracted a degree of respectful attention. She wore a Gipsy hat, tastefully arranged, a tunic of a rich, bright blue material, reaching to the knees. It fitted snug round the neck, and opened in front to the waist, exposing a neat muslin habit shirt beneath a laced boddice in the Tyrolese style. Around the waist was a neat belt of the same material of the tunic. The skirt hung rather full to the knees. The trousers were of rich white muslin, hanging full from the knees, and suddenly tapering at the ankle, and closely fitting around the top of a handsome laced kid boot.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller says, that in passing from Boylston street up Washington, on Friday evening of last week, he met as many as *eleven* ladies clad in the new costume. The Transcript of Saturday says:

The Bloomers were out yesterday in force. Mrs. Bloomer, in blue, long flowing ringlets, gipsy hat, rouged cheeks, gaiter boots; Miss Bloomer, do., do., do., do., the little Bloomers, all do. Mr. Bloomer, made his appearance for the first time in Washington Street yesterday afternoon, attracting the notice of all, entirely eclipsing the female members of his family who were in the street at the same time. His suit was a black hat worn jauntily on the left of the perpendicular; light Summer cravat, standing dickey, dark checked Marseilles vest, frock coat, cut very short, Turkish pants, large check, front gathered with pleats, very full in the legs, and gathered round the ankle to a close fit, black gaiter boots, small walking-stick, with the top in his mouth. It was acknowledged by all that he was *the man*, and he was congratulated accordingly. As he passed the head of Franklin Street, a recently returned Californian tendered him *his hat*, in the true Eldorado style; but he took no notice of the offer, and passed by on the other side. *Mr. Bloomer is the man after all.*

We know not whether the Transcript means the identical Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer of New York, or simply uses the name as an appellation for the whole class of pantalette wearers.

We wind up our notices this week, with the following lines from the distinguished American poet, Professor Shortfellow. It will be seen that the pantalette party have succeeded in enlisting his gifted pen on the side of the new costume:

EXCELSIOR.

BY PROFESSOR SHORTFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through our quiet city passed
A lass, whose Summer costume nice
Reminds me of the quaint device,
Excelsior!

Her brow was glad, her skirts beneath,
Unsoiled by mud, hung neat and brief;
And with a joyful murmuring rung
The accents of her silver tongue,
Excelsior!

"Try not the dress!" the old folks said,
"The rabble's scornful shout we dread—
The gutter's filth we can abide;"
But from that silver voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stop!" the dry goods merchant said,
"You'll save our dress and spoil our trade!"
A smile lurked in her bright, blue eye,
But still came back the firm reply,
Excelsior!

Thus in the twilight cold and grey,
Pretty and neat she went her way;
And to the sky, serene and fair,
Up went a shout that rent the air—
Excelsior!

New Publications.

Familiar Science. Or, The Scientific Explanation of Common Things. Edited by R. E. Peterson, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. Published by Robert E. Peterson, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

Here is a book which might find an appropriate place in every school, and in every house where there are young inquiring minds, athirst for knowledge. It contains nearly two thousand questions, with scientific answers simply arranged and clearly expressed, conveying, in a small compass, a great amount of information respecting the every-day wonders which puzzle the restless brains of children, and sometimes their elders, too. The publisher and editor merits, and will no doubt receive, the thanks of all parents and teachers who have experienced (and what instructor of youth has not?) the difficulty of meeting, with satisfactory explanations, the innumerable questions of those under their charge. The book needs only to be known, to be pronounced by a discerning public a rich fund of useful entertainment for the household circle, as well as a valuable aid to instruction in schools. We are not surprised at the statement in the preface, that "Twenty-five thousand copies of the English edition of this work were sold in London in less than two years;" neither shall we be astonished if double that number are sold in the United States in even a shorter space of time.

Letters to a Candid Inquirer, on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M. D., F. R. S. E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

This is a sober, rational view of the wonderful phenomena of animal magnetism by a gentleman of undoubted scientific attainments. As stated in the preface, "It makes no pretension to a full and systematic treatment of the vast subject; and its only object is to convince the reader that there exist, in nature, a multitude of most valuable and interesting facts, which, in spite of their appearing strange or incredible at first sight, are true, and, being so, demand and deserve the most patient and complete investigation." The author concludes his interesting work by saying:—

I am quite content that any theoretical suggestions I have made should be thrown aside as quite unimportant, provided only the facts be attended to; because I consider it too early for a comprehensive theory, and because I believe that the facts are as yet but very partially known.

But I think we may regard it as established; that, that one individual may exercise a powerful influence on another, even at a distance; secondly, that one individual may acquire a control over the motions, sensations, memory, emotions, and volition of another, both by suggestion, in the conscious, impressible state, and in the magnetic sleep, with or without consciousness; thirdly, that the magnetic sleep is a very peculiar state, with a distinct and separate consciousness; fourthly, that in this state the subject often possesses a new power of perception, the nature of which is unknown, but by means of which he can see objects or persons, near or distant, without the use of the external organs of vision; fifthly, that he very often possesses a very high degree of sympathy with others, so as to be able to read their thoughts; ... sometimes perceive and describe ... but pain, and even future events; secondly, that he can often perceive and describe the bodily state of himself or others; eighthly, that he may fall into trance and extasis, the period of which he often predicts accurately; ninthly, that every one of these phenomena has occurred, and frequently occurs, spontaneously, which I hold to be the fundamental fact of the whole inquiry;—Somnambulism, Clairvoyance, Sympathy, Trance, Extasis, Insensibility to Pain, and Prevision, having often been recorded as natural occurrences. Tenthly, that not only the human body, but inanimate objects, such as magnets, crystals, metals, &c., &c., exert on sensitive persons an influence, identical, so far as it is known, with that which produces Animal Magnetism; that such an influence really exists, because it may act without a shadow of suggestion, and may be transferred to water and other bodies; and lastly, that it is only by studying the characters of this influence, as we should those of any other, such as Electricity or Light, that we can hope to throw light on these obscure subjects. Let us in the meantime observe and accumulate facts; and whether we succeed or not in tracing these to their true causes, the facts, if well observed, and faithfully recorded, will remain, and in a more advanced state of science, will lead to a true and more comprehensive theory.

General News.

The Sting of the Locust.—Dr. Gideon B. Smith, in a communication to the Baltimore American, states that he has investigated all the recently reported cases of death or sickness from the alleged sting of the Locust, and finds that each one of them has been without the slightest foundation. All this may be true, and Dr. S.'s authority may be unimpeachable; but it will require somewhat more than his mere word to remove a popular belief, which is an old and prevalent one, and has been long tolerated, if not encouraged, by medical opinion. A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph writes that

Elwood M. Walton, oldest son of Lewis Walton, of Moreland Township, Montgomery Co., aged near five years, was stung by a locust on the back of his right ear, on Seventh day last.—He was standing in the house, near the door, when it flew in and stung him, which alarmed his parents very much, having previously understood that their sting was usually fatal.

However, they at once caught a chicken, cut it in two, and applied half of it while yet kicking, to the puncture or wound; in half an hour took it off and applied the other half, and left that remain on about an hour, it giving him relief.—This was then also taken off, and in five minutes after the child went into spasms, and was in such agony that it required two persons to hold him.

His ear turned to a dark color, red streaks running down his breast and round his eye. The half of a chicken was again put on, and in ten minutes after he began to feel relief, and in a short time he was perfectly calm. It required, however, the third chicken to remove all the poison, the first coming off very green, and each succeeding half less green until the last which was nearly or entirely free from any discoloration. The child is now, the second day after it was stung, playing as usual.

Another case is also reported. A little girl living a few miles from this city, near the York turnpike, died on Thursday week, from the effects of the sting of a locust. The report is that the wound was inflicted the previous Monday.

A Contrast.—Some newly organized rifle companies in Louisiana having lately applied to the State Adjutant General for their quota of arms, were refused because all the rifles belonging to the State were given out to the recent "Cuban Expedition," and have not yet been returned, and therefore none can yet be granted.

Immorality and Crime in Paris.—A census has recently been taken in Paris, and one result is, it is said, that between *half and two thirds* of the adult female population are abandoned women, licensed by the police, or living with or under the protection of men, without being married. In making up the lists, the authorities, it appears, were astonished at finding such an extent of moral depravation. Entire quarters of the town are occupied by *menages*, whose union no priest has blessed, no law sanctioned; and in the entries of children, there are page after page, page after page, in the column headed "illegitimated." About three-fourths it appears, of the females who call themselves *couturieres* and *proprietaires* are of loose character; and of dressmakers, shop girls, and such like, there is not one in ten who is pure. In a word, such a mass of scandalous immorality was perhaps never collected within so small a space as that which now exists within the walls of Paris.

But this is not all. The number of professional housebreakers, assassins and thieves is greater in Paris, in proportion to the population, than in any other city of Europe. Moreover, an immense part of the population are plunged into the direst misery, and the means of existence of another great part are far from sufficient. People who visit Paris, and see its gorgeous shops and gay boulevards, its promenades, and aristocratic mansions, little think of the guilt and the vice, the hunger and the crime, which are to be found in its lower quarters. On the surface, there is no city so gay as Paris—hardly any which appears more wealthy, but descend to the lower strata of the population, and you will be scandalized or horrified. And to think that this horrible mass is at times maddened with political excitement, and that it has been carefully drilled into the fanatic belief that "property is robbery," and the rich thieves!—*Paris Correspondent of the Britannia.*

Slavery in Delaware.—For more than half a century, slavery in Delaware has been steadily on the decline. In 1790, when the first Census was taken, the number of slaves in the State was about 9,000, a sixth part of the people. Now there are but a little over 2,000, not more than one-fortieth of the people. The greater part of these are in Sussex county; New Castle and Kent counties united, having but 741; while Sussex county has 1,591. The slaves decrease faster in New Castle county than in either of the other counties. In 1840, Sussex county had 1,637 slaves; in 1850, 1,591; a decrease of only 3 per cent in ten years. New Castle county had in 1840, 541 slaves; in 1850, 393; a decrease of twenty five per cent. The Census of 1840 developed the alarming fact that the whole population of Sussex county was rapidly declining; having then a less population by 2,026 than it had in 1830. Kent county, too, had been declining but not so rapidly. The increase of New Castle county alone saved the State from the disgrace of depopulation. Kent and Sussex are now, however, beginning to revive. In Kent particularly, free labor is gradually driving out slave labor, and as a natural consequence, a spirit of improvement and progress is awakening; the current of its population, heretofore backward, is reversed, and a more thriving condition of things generally betokens the commencement of a better time.

Improved Rifle.—The editor of the Newark Advertiser has been shown a rifle capable of firing twenty-five balls every minute, including the time of loading. Under the barrel, in the place of the ordinary ramrod, is an iron tube containing the twenty-five balls, and by cocking the gun a ball is brought up in the barrel, and the same operation also brings up from the breech a "pill" of priming. The charge of powder is contained in the ball, which is not round, but oblong, and having an opening which is corked shut after the powder has been introduced. The quantity of powder is only twenty-eight grains, and drives the ball with greater force than the large charge in an ordinary gun.

Desertion.—Desertion in the Army, says the New York Express, is beginning to attract serious attention in every part of the United States. The loss annually to Government is enormous—every man who deserts, robs the Government of fifty dollars directly, and indirectly of much more. It is time the punishment by law, for desertion, should be changed. One-eighth of the whole Army deserted last year, —and last month sixteen out of fifty-six men of Captain Hatch's company, at Rochester, deserted.

POSTSCRIPT.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

SAN FRANCISCO IN ASHES!

By the arrival of the Alabama, at New Orleans, we have two weeks' later news from California.

The city of San Francisco has been almost entirely destroyed by one of the most destructive conflagrations ever known on this or any other continent.

Property to the amount of $15,000,000 is believed to have been destroyed.

Among the buildings destroyed are the Custom House, the Union, Parker's, the National, the New World, the City, Delmonico's, and the Exchange Hotels; also Rose's buildings, and the offices of the Steamship Company.

The fire spread to the shipping, consuming a large number of vessels, which were lying at the wharves. It was first discovered in Clay street, and ran through one dozen blocks, quickly spreading to other parts of the city—a greater part of which now lies in a heap of ruins. Humbar, George, Mais, Centre and El Dorado streets are completely gutted.

The utmost consternation prevailed during the fire, and thousands were turned out of house and home, having lost their all.

Measures were about being adopted to relieve the distress of the sufferers. It is feared a number of lives have been lost. Business was entirely lost sight of. San Francisco presents a mournful and heart-rending picture.

The means of arresting the flames, in possession of the authorities, proved of little avail before the tremendous spread of the flames, and so extensive was the field of labor of the fire department, that little effect was produced by their efforts.

The consternation of the inhabitants was very great, and of course everything was in confusion.

The number of persons rendered houseless by this calamity is beyond calculation at present.

The news from the mines continues to be of a cheering character. New discoveries were daily being made, and the prospects of the miners were highly favorable.

The quartz crushing machines were reaping a rich reward, in some instances, the average per man was from $20 to $60 per day.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE.

The June number of this Magazine is before us, with an unusual amount of carefully prepared ... and statistical matter. The following from its commercial review for the month of May, will interest our readers.

[illegible]

It is well to be cautious when the tide of prosperity sets in strongly, but our ... are widely different from those which ... The West and South owed large debts to the North and East, which they could not pay; they had bought goods largely, and received them at high prices among the people and, when pushed by their creditors, were found almost bankrupt. Now, the case is almost reversed, the South ... and she has a large surplus of ready money. The West has few arrears unpaid, and could settle up at a moment's warning.

Again, before the last crisis, the expansion of ... paper currency; now, it has an increased specie basis. At that time, prices of everything which had a value, were enormously inflated, and even grain was so high that we imported it from Europe at a profit. Now, breadstuffs are low, and merchandise generally, is at a fair average price. Whatever changes may occur, therefore, in our future course, it seems to us unreasonable to look for any great commercial disasters from causes now operating.

There seems, also, a fair prospect for a safe business during the approaching season. The goods taken to the interior, both West and South, have been freely distributed, and country merchants will generally be in a good condition to meet their obligations. How far this prospect may be marred by any further serious depression in the value of the great staples of the country, it is, of course, impossible to tell; but so far, there have been fewer losses from bad debts than have attended such extensive mercantile operations for many years.

[illegible] ... Louisville Democrat.

English Copyright Laws.—American authors—or some of them, at least—will be rejoiced to learn that a recent decision by Lord Campbell restores to them, in common with all other foreign authors, the right of copyright which they formerly possessed, and were permitted to possess until it was recently taken from them by the judgment of the Court of Exchequer. This judgment has been entirely reversed by the Lord Chief Justice, who took the highest and most liberal ground, affirming that the foreigner has the same property in works which proceed from his brains, whether musical productions, engravings, or books, as her Majesty's subjects, with the same right to transfer that property to English traders and publishers.

Miscellaneous.

REVOLUTION IN DRESS.

We are not at all prepared to acquiesce in the proposed changes of female costume. We have indeed no objection to see the existing fashion entirely disappear, provided some more decidedly graceful and womanly style supervene. But until that style reveal itself, we shall be amply content to see our wives and daughters walking in moulded garments. In Europe where no gentleman who is free from catarrh ever expectorates, at least upon the side-walk, the reform may not perhaps be so urgent. But here it is unquestionably needful; and if no other remedy offer, the Corporation taking into view the damage done the gentle sex among us by existing fashions, should impose a penalty upon mantua-makers.—Who knows, moreover, but what timely action of this vigorous nature might stave off that shocking Mahomedan movement in dress so charmingly advocated at Hope Chapel the other evening by Mrs. Oakes Smith? It was very easy to see that the force of Mrs. Smith's rhetoric lay all pucker'd up in the last three inches of the present skirt. Diminish the skirt to that extent then, and you reduce the fair revolutionist to silence. No? she still claims, does she, that the figure of most persons in that case will look "dumpy?" But is there any possible effect in costume half so dumpy as that produced by a pair of Turkish pantaloons? We have never seen a female thus attired without an emotion of aversion. It always conveys a sensation of bow-legs, and not remotely suggests a reminiscence of Jack Tar in holiday costume. We are sure it would do much to unhinge our reverence for the best of mothers and stifle our affection (were we only married) for the most amiable of wives, should we ever see this heathenish caricature of masculinity associated with their sacred persons.

Dress is symbolic. It expresses a peculiarly human sentiment. "How comes it," says the thoughtful Teufelsdröckh, "that the grand theme of all themes, the only real theme, should have been quite overlooked by science—the vestural tissue of woollen or other cloth which man's soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall?—For, if now and then some struggling thinker has cast an owl's glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether, regarding Clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a *Clothed Animal*, whereas he is by nature a *Naked Animal*; and only in certain circumstances by purpose and device, masks himself in clothes." This is a sound observation. Man is by nature a naked animal and the only naked one. Nature is hospitable and generous to everything but man. She endows her with absolutely nothing and every thing he has ever gained from her has been actually conquered by his own supreme genius. Why is this so? Why is nature thus apparently niggardly to man? We fear that Teufelsdröckh does not acquit himself so profitably on this point as he might, and we therefore undertake to reply for him, that it is solely because man is not the offspring of nature, and has therefore no claim upon her spontaneous tenderness. Nature clothes all her own children with scrupulous care; the fish of the sea, the beast of the field, and the fowl of the air, have each a suitable field of existence and a knowledge and power adequate to all their wants supplied them out of her bounteous supply. But man claims a totally different parentage from theirs. He comes from a far off home steeped in unimaginable splendors only to take nature under his own dominion, and diffuse among her offspring the culture and harmony of that superior region. Of course then nature can only exhibit a passive attitude toward him, and whatever instruments and methods may be necessary to his projected conquest he must bring with him exclusively for his own better country. In other words they must be born in an inward way, must be begotten of his own genius. Hence man learns, among other things, to *clothe himself* in default of nature's service, and to fortify himself against her rudeness.

But clothing is not merely a convenience for man. It is also a decency. It is required by a sentiment of modesty? Why is this? Why should man instinctively blush to discover his nakedness? The reason has been already intimated. In order to achieve his conquest of Nature he is obliged to stoop to Nature's level—to be born of her womb like one of her own unquestionable offspring. He comes to her as it were in disguise, not girt about with the sumptuous majesty of his father's house, but clad in the garments of humility, the foeblest in fact of all creatures, that he may conciliate her confidence and win her eventually to a sympathy with his purpose. When, therefore, his instincts of inward and limitless perfection confront for the first time this outward and natural abasement: when the celestial visitant looks forth from the walls of her prison only to discern the narrow and unworthy dimensions to which she has accommodated herself, a feeling of surprise and revulsion necessarily ensues, and the conscious body, confessing the shame, mantles with a cordial and responsive blush.

Dress, therefore, became a badge of the disproportion existing between the true and infinite self-hood of man, and his finite natural one. In screening the actual and imperfect body from sight, it dimly foreshadows that radiant natural shrine which, in the fulness of time and the perfection of science, shall fitly embody every lineament of man's divine and immaculate loveliness. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ The burning waste of Clackmann, an extensive coal field in England, which has been on fire for thirty years, has been lately extinguished by means of carbonic acid gas, with which the pits were filled.

☞ "How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy and his monkey performed near her door, "and how much his dear little brother in the calico dress looks like him, to be sure."

☞ O'Brien and Meagher.—A letter from Van Dieman's Land, states that Smith O'Brien has become tutor to a gentleman's family in the colony, and that Mr. Meagher is about to vary the monotony of "convict life" by taking unto himself a wife, in the shape of Miss Bennett, a farmer's daughter.

☞ Pity is a sentiment so natural, so appropriate to the female character, that it is scarcely a merit for a woman to possess it; but to be without it is a grievous fault.

☞ Dr. Bennett, of Middletown, Conn., has discovered in the Portland quarry, what he considers a distinctly marked print or impression and coat of a Kangaroo.

☞ A late English on dit is, that "Mr. Paxton, the architect of the Glass Palace, is to be knighted." Upon reading which, "Joseph," of the Boston Post, perpetrates the following impromptu:

"Strange, that the man whose wondrous power
That magic palace lighted,
Should find the richest of his gains
To be himself be-knighted!"

☞ The Camilla Costume.—The Boston Journal recommends that the new style of dress adopted by some ladies, be called "The Camilla Costume." Camilla, as we read in ancient mythology, was one of the messengers of Diana, accustomed to the chase and to war. She was noted for her fleetness of foot, and, of course, must have eschewed the street-sweeping garments in vogue at the present day.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, June 14, 1851.

REMARKS—The weather during the greater part of the past week has been clear and pleasant, the business has been dull and inactive. The Foreign advices by the America, received on Wednesday, have imparted rather more firmness to Cotton, but otherwise they have had no effect upon the market. Breadstuffs of all descriptions have been in limited request, without any material change in prices. In Provisions there has been but little doing. In Groceries there is no change. Money continues easy ... Our canals and railroads in the interior are all doing an increased business, and will declare good dividends to their proprietors, besides contributing largely to the greatest good of the greatest number. There is a fair demand for Sterling Bills at 110 a110½, with but a limited supply offering.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been rather more inquiry for Flour during the past week, and the supplies have somewhat fallen off. Sales of 5,000 bbls standard and fair brands at $4,18¾; extra brands $4,25a4,50, and sales at $4,37½ a 4,50 per bbl, including 1,000 bbls Ohio, partly on private terms. The sales for city consumption have been limited within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour has been in fair request, and 1,000 bbls sold at $3,37½ per bbl. Corn Meal has been more inquired after; sales of 10al,700 bbls at $2,75.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 12th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	11,730
do.	half bbls	480
Rye Flour,		684
Corn Meal,		1,193

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been exceedingly small, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 16,000 bushels fair and prime Pennsylvania white at $1,01a1,05, and $1,03, and some small lots red at 98a99c. Rye has been in good demand for distilling, and prices are steady. Sales at 3,000 bushels at 70a71c afloat, but mostly at the former rate. Corn has been in good demand, and with limited supplies prices have advanced one cent per bushel. Sales of 14,000 bushels yellow at 60, 60½a 61c, afloat, closing at the latter rate. Oats are steady. A cargo of Southern sold at 41c, and 7,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 42a43½c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—There is little inquiry for Pork. We quote Mess at $15, and Prime at $14 per bbl. In Beef no change. Bacon is steady, but the demand is limited. Sales of Hams at 9½a11½c; Sides 9½a9¾, and Shoulders at 7½c per lb. Small sales of Lard at 9½c per lb in bbls and 10½c in kegs. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The market continues inactive, but prices of both Cotton and Woollen Goods have undergone no change. The manufacturers of the latter are curtailing their operations in consequence of the high prices of the raw material.

BARK—The demand has been limited, and prices are $1 per ton lower; a small sale of No. 2 at $30 per ton, and 30 hhds No. 1 at $33. Sales of new Spanish Oak Bark at $14,30, and old at $16 per cord.

BEESWAX—Continues very scarce; and good yellow commands 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Demand limited for all descriptions; small sales of Sperm at 42a43½, Adamantine at 24a 25, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL—There is a good demand for Anthracite for shipment Eastward, and supplies are coming forward freely; sales of Schuylkill white Ash, delivered on board at Richmond, at $3, and red Ash at $3,37½ per ton, cash. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 10c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet, and prices are steady; small sales of Rio at 9½a10½c per lb.

COPPER—Is in limited request; small sales of English Sheathing at 21, and Yellow Metal at 16½c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The late Foreign news by the steamer America has imparted more firmness to the market, and the demand has been more active; sales of 700 bales Upland and New Orleans at 9a11½c per lb on time, for ordinary and fair quality.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports, from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts.		Stocks.	
	1850-51.	1849-50.	1850-51.	1849-50.
N. Orleans, bales	910,366	785,969	150,992	131,556
Mobile	341,341	299,354	13,596	37,940
Savannah	278,314	265,359	15,534	37,949
Charleston	339,012	318,977	28,596	61,292
Florida	163,043	161,713	25,949	68,101
Texas	30,171	35,738	4,969	611
Virginia	15,935	9,625	1,390	559
N. Carolina	11,666	9,969	450	490
Other Places			68,996	127,574
Total	2,181,766	1,897,083	410,950	432,457

The receipts at the different shipping ports show the following results:

Increase—New Orleans, bales,	129,295		
Mobile,	97,073		
Charleston,	20,035		
Texas,	9,430		
Virginia,	6,400		
North Carolina,	3,097	—291,318	
Decrease—Savannah,	7,115		
Florida,	1,370		
Total increase this season,		284,183	

DRUGS AND DYES—But little doing; sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a2c, Sal Soda Ash at 2¼a2¾, Ombre Madder at 9a9½, Copperas 1½c per lb, and E. I. Castor Oil at $1,12½ per gallon.

FEATHERS—But few offering; small sales of good Western at 36a37 per lb, cash.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel has been limited, and we reduce our quotations 25c per bbl; sales of No. 1 at $10a10,25, No. 2 at $6,a6,25, and No. 3 at $4a$4,12½ per bbl. In Codfish no change.

FRUIT—The market has been very quiet, and in foreign no sales worthy of notice have transpired. Dried Apples range from 3½c to $1, and Peaches from $1,50 to 1,75 per bushel. A sale of 500 bushels of the latter on terms kept private.

GINSENG—Continues very scarce, but the demand is less active; small sales of Crude at 42a45c per lb, cash.

GUANO—Is in limited request at our former quotations.

HEMP—The market is dull, no sales have transpired. We quote Dew Rot at $110a135 per ton, 6 months.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals, and the stock in first hands is exhausted.

HOPS—Are held firmly. Small sales at 38a40c per lb.

INDIGO—The market has been very quiet, and the sales are unimportant. Small sales of Bengal at $1,31 per lb.

IRON—The inactivity which has characterised the market for months past still continues, and with increased supplies of Foreign, prices are drooping. Small sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $21, and No. 2 at $20 per ton, 6 months. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD—The market is firm. All the recent arrivals were previously disposed of and reported. A small sale at $4,95 per 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for all descriptions and prices are fully maintained.

LUMBER—Supplies continue to arrive freely, and meet with a fair demand. Sales of 500,000 Laths at $1,45a1,62½ per M, and Pickets at $6,75a7 and $7,75a8 for 4 and 4¼ feet.

There was shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 7th inst. Feet 1,289,175

Previously,	9,312,572
Total,	10,601,747

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet, and prices are unchanged; small sales of Cuba at 20 a21, and Porto Rico at 28c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—There has been an increased demand for Rosin, and 1,500 bbls common sold at $1,35 per barrel, some Tar at $1,75, and Pitch at $1,62½. Spirits Turpentine sells at 38a39c.

OILS—Fish Oils are in steady demand. Sales of Crude Whale at 40a40c; Refined 57a58, and Sperm at $1,26a1,30. In Lard Oil no change. Linseed Oil is dull, and sells in small lots at 75a77c per gallon.

PLASTER—Is dull and further declined; sales of soft at $2a2,25 per ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited, and prices are steady; sales of 120 tcs in lots at 3½a3¾c per lb.

SALT—There has been no further arrivals or sales reported this week.

SEEDS—Nothing doing in Cloverseed. We quote at $5,25a5,37½ per 64 lbs. No sales of Timothy. Flaxseed is in demand at $1,55.

SPICES—Market quiet; small sales of Nutmegs at $1 per lb.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy is landing, from which small sales have been made at our former quotations. N. E. Rum sells in lots at 28a30c. Whiskey is in steady demand; sales of 600 bbls at 22½a23 and hhds at 21a22c, in second hand pkgs at the former rate.

SUGAR—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are firm. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico, but principally of the former description at 5¼a6½c per lb, on time, and 700 boxes Cuba, on terms kept private.

TALLOW—Is scarce, but prices are unchanged.

TEA—The demand is limited for all descriptions, but prices are unchanged.

TOBACCO—The market is inactive, and for the inferior grades prices are rather lower. The stock of Seed Tobacco is small.

WINES—No large sales have transpired this week.

WOOL—Supplies of the new clip continue to come in very slowly, and are taken at 35 to 45c per lb for pulled and full blood. Our advices from the West state that many of the large growers in Ohio have disposed of their clip at prices above those that could at present be obtained in this market, including charges, and that but little Wool thus far has been shipped to this city. Late advices from London state that the public sales of Wool were progressing at full prices.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull; we quote Flour 1s per bbl; Grain 4d per bushel, and Heavy Goods 15a17s per ton. Colliers are scarce and in demand; we quote to Boston $1,70a1,75 per ton; Rhode Island $1,30, and to N. York $1 per ton.—*Reporter.*

☞ The London Police have been instructed to stop the playing of hand organs, and the "hawking" of advertising vans in and about the streets. Organ grinders have been declared extreme nuisances, and advertising wagons ditto.

☞ The only creatures that can shout in hot weather, are pleasure seekers and mad-dogs.

☞ Anti-Malthusianism.—One of the sons of Mr. Maltbus has a wife and 14 children.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA: SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE. No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c. &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms. DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets, stories, &c., from the pens of other well-known writers. We have a series of articles now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Bridal of the Stratton(?), by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

Lectures on India, by Caleb Wright. Illustrated by elegant Engravings. The Author has travelled more than 40,000 miles for the express purpose of collecting information respecting the various races of people whose peculiar manners, habits, and superstitions, he describes.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW.

The Postmaster General, after consulting with the Attorney General, has made the following decisions under the new Postage Act:

Post Office Department, June 11, 1851.

The postage on all bound books, and on all other printed matter, *not periodicals ... weighing three ounces, and sent from the office of publication to actual and bona fide subscribers, must be prepaid.*

If the amount paid and marked on such printed matter is not sufficient to pay the whole postage due, the excess of weight beyond that paid for is to be charged with double the rate which would have been charged if pre-paid; and the postage on such excess collected at the office of delivery.

If by the neglect of a postmaster such matter is sent without any pre-payment, the double prepaid rate must be collected on delivery.

Postage must be charged on all letters, newspapers, and other matter, according to the distance on the route by which *they are forwarded;* and this (unless otherwise directed by the sender) must be the route by which they will soonest reach their destination, although that may not be the shortest route.

On letters to and from Great Britain (*and the continent of Europe when sent through England*) the rates of postage and modes of rating will be the same as heretofore, except as to letters to or from California and Oregon, in respect to which special instructions will be hereafter given.

On all letters *to or from the continent of Europe, not sent through England,* the United States inland and sea postage will in all cases be combined, and will be twenty cents the single rate, without regard to the distance the same are carried within the United States. The mode of rating will be the same as heretofore. (Full tabular statements in regard to the rates of postage, both foreign and inland, will soon be published.)

Subscribers to periodicals, to obtain the benefit of the provisions in regard to pre-payment, must pay the full quarter's postage before the delivery of the first number, when there are several numbers to be delivered during the quarter. If, by reason of any increase in the size of the periodical, or otherwise, it shall appear that the whole quarter's postage was not so paid in advance, the subscriber will lose the benefit of pre-payment, and the numbers received during the whole quarter will be charged with the double or unpaid rate, and the subscriber will be credited with only the amount paid in advance.

Under the provisions of the second section of the new postage act, *no newspapers other than those published weekly only,* are entitled to circulate free of postage in the counties where published. The office of publication is the office where the newspaper is printed.

In determining newspaper postages, the distances are to be computed from the office of publication, and not from the county line of the county in which the paper is published; and the distance is also to be computed over the route on which it is carried.

Newspapers published weekly only in a county adjoining the Canada line may be sent free to Canada, provided they do not leave the county of publication until they cross the line into Canada.

Newspaper publishers may send and receive their exchange newspapers to and from Canada free of charge.

A newspaper is not a periodical within the meaning and intent of the provision which requires the postage on periodicals to be paid in advance, and therefore the postage thereon shall be one-half of the rates previously specified in the second section of the act. All subscribers to newspapers were and still are required by the provisions of the thirtieth section of the act of March, 1825, to pay one quarter's postage in advance; but by so doing they are not entitled to have the postage reduced below the established rates.

Payments in advance on newspapers and periodicals *can only be made by the subscribers at the post office where they are to be delivered.*

The postage on newspapers, periodicals, and other matter not chargeable with letter postage, when sent out of the United States, must be prepaid at the full rate. *Publishers* may pre-pay postage on their issues, but can have no deduction of postage on account of such pre-payment.

When a periodical is published only quarterly, the actual and bona fide subscriber for such periodical may pay in advance, and have the benefit of the advance payment, provided he pays, to the post-master at the office where he is to receive the periodical, before its delivery. If a periodical is published less frequently than quarterly, the postage must be pre-paid, and at the full rate.

Letters mailed before the first day of July, though delivered after, will, in all cases, be charged with postage at the rates in force at the time of the mailing thereof.

N. K. HALL, Postmaster General.

It will be noticed that Mr. Hall, in relation to the pre-payment of newspapers, decides against the construction for which we have contended. He says that "a newspaper is not a periodical within the *meaning and intent*" of said provision. Probably he has some other way of getting at the "meaning and intent" of the act than from its words.

Clippings.

☞ Worth Remembering.—There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless; and the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

☞ An institution is the lengthened shadow of a great man.

☞ "Isn't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful, to his senior. "Yes, my son." "Then what do folks mean by old times?" "Go to bed, sonny, that's a good boy, and we'll talk of these things on the morrow."

☞ At Palmer, Massachusetts, on complaint of Henry King, Mr. John Burt, a worthy Irishman, and a Son of Temperance, has been fined $20 and costs, amounting to $26.37, for selling one glass of strong beer.

☞ The Allegheny Enterprise states that a party came off in Penn street, Pittsburg, last week, where the ladies were all dressed in the Turkish costume.

☞ Hahnemann, the father of the Homœopathic system of medicine, is to have a monument erected to his memory at Leipsic, August 10th. The funds have been raised by a subscription collected in the whole of Germany. It consists of a statue somewhat above life size.

☞ "If you can't keep awake without," said a preacher to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."

☞ "Why don't you put on a clean shirt?" said a swell the other night, to his companion; "then the girls will smile upon you as they do upon me." "Every body can't afford to wear a clean shirt every day, as you can," was the reply. "Why not?" said white collar. "Because," said soiled collar, "*everybody's mother is not a washerwoman.*"

☞ Noggins says that roguery ought to be well paid; it gives a fellow too much trouble.—He once cheated a man in a horse trade, he says, and was in law about it afterwards for over fourteen years. Unless you have got lots of patience, therefore, never set up for a rascal.

☞ If an elephant can travel eight miles an hour, and carry his trunk, how fast could he go if he had a little darkey to carry it for him?

☞ Hunt & Roskell's compartment (late Storr & Mortimer,) in the Crystal Palace, contains three tons of silver, and the whole contents are estimated at £150,000.

☞ Many of the most remarkable productions in the Exhibition have been bespoken by purchasers when the display terminates, and very extensive orders have been given for many articles of excellence in the various manufactures. Thus has one of the great objects of the Exhibition been realized.

☞ What are the most unsociable things in the world? Milestones—you never see two of them together.

☞ There is one redeeming trait about termagants, and that is, they are always tidy. The more women scold the harder they work—a fit of ugliness always terminates in a brushing out of slop-pails and white-wash brushes.

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania Democratic Judicial Convention.—The Buchanan portion of the party carried all before them also at this Convention, as they did at the Gubernatorial one. The Buchanan delegates from Lancaster, and Campbell ones from Philadelphia, were admitted as the regular ones. Hon. David Wilmot entered into a lengthy detail of the difficulties of the party, and attributed the whole of the existing ill-feeling impliedly to the Hon. James Buchanan and those who are urging his claims to the Presidency.—He was replied to in energetic terms by Mr. Whallen and Col. S. W. Black.

Mr. Wilmot then again spoke at considerable length. In the course of his remarks he declared his determination to support the Reading nomination for Governor and Canal Commissioner, although he said he could not give in his adhesion to all the resolutions passed by that Convention. Resolutions adopted in Pennsylvania Democratic Conventions, now-a-days, were treated with but little respect, either at home or abroad. He hoped for better things hereafter.

The vote on the contested seats from Lancaster was then taken, and the Fordney, or Anti-Frazer delegates, were admitted by a vote of 85 to 80.

Mr. Hirst, from the Committee appointed to nominate officers for the permanent organization of the Convention, reported the following:—

President—Hon. Wm. Wilkins, of Allegheny.

Vice Presidents—Hon. Simon Cameron, Hon. James M. Porter, and thirty others, with a number of Secretaries.

The President, on taking the Chair, addressed the Convention in a speech of about half-an-hour in length, which was characterized by great power and eloquence. In the course of his remarks he said:—

"It becomes us to reflect upon the nature of this highest department in the government. It may be styled an oligarchy—an aristocracy—so illimitable in its power. They can, by their decisions, nullify the combined action of the Legislative and the Executive power, and upon them devolves the construction of our Constitution.

"If evil disposed or incompetent men were selected, no one could foretel the ruinous and disastrous consequences. The new court might indeed, change all the rules relating even to real estate. It might, by its acts, carry ruin and devastation to the fireside of every citizen, and there would be no remedy—no power to correct its mistakes or abuses. The Supreme Court of the United States had but a limited jurisdiction over the authority of the higher State Courts, and rarely disturbed their decisions."

Pending the discussion upon the mode of balloting for candidates, Mr. Brewer, of Franklin, made an assault upon the political faith of the Hon. David Wilmot, which was rebuked by the Convention, amid a storm of hisses and cries of "shame."

Mr. Wilmot rose, on leave given, and made an explanation of his course of conduct in the Congress of 1846.

The following was the result of the first ballot:

Jeremiah S. Black,	86	James Thompson,	36
James Campbell,	87	John L. Maynard,	39
Ellis Lewis,	79	George W. Woodward,	39
J. Bannister Gibson,	69	Richard Coulter,	36
Walter H. Lowrie,	66	A. S. Wilson,	21
Luther Kidder,	47	Molton C. Rogers,	15
Thomas S. Bell,	55	Joel Jones,	6

Sixty-seven votes being necessary to a choice, and five candidates having received a higher number, viz.: Jeremiah S. Black, of Somerset; James Campbell, of Philadelphia; Ellis Lewis, of Lancaster; John B. Gibson, of Cumberland, and Walter H. Lowrie, of Allegheny, they were declared duly nominated as the Democratic candidates for Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Maynard then moved the unanimous confirmation of the foregoing nominations.

Mr. Guernsey, of Tioga, objected to the motion. He could not vote for it; because he would not vote for Judge Gibson, until he [Judge Gibson] changed his political faith.

The motion, after further debate, was agreed to, and the nominations accordingly confirmed.

Secession.—General Haralson, a well-known leading Democratic Representative in Congress from the State of Georgia, and Gen. Robert Stanton, of Mississippi, both of whom were looked upon as sure and firm friends of secession, have each published letters declaring that such a movement would be impolitic and suicidal. Gen. Stanton defines his position as follows: Though opposed strenuously to some of the features of the Compromise, before they became law, he is now in favor of acquiescence. Being the law of the land, they are no longer open for resistance. Secession he regards as not justified by the Constitution. It finds its right alone in revolution. When there is sufficient cause for revolution, and not before, he will be for State resistance to the Federal Government.

Walker Nominated.—The Industrial Congress, on the third ballot, nominated the Hon. Isaac P. Walker, of Wisconsin, for the Presidency, but refused to nominate a candidate for Vice President.

Daniel Webster.—Papers are being circulated for signatures, all through Massachusetts, nominating Mr. Webster for the Presidency. His friends are evidently determined to urge his claims.

New Hampshire.—At the Democratic State Convention, Luke Woodbury, of Antrim, was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor. The Convention also appointed Charles G. Atherton a delegate to the next National Democratic Convention. General Peaslee offered a series of resolutions in favor of the Hon. Levi Woodbury as the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency, which were unanimously adopted.

The Vote of the people of New Hampshire on the Homestead Exemption Law, shows a majority of three thousand seven hundred and twenty-six in its favor.

Mississippi.—General Quitman has renounced positively the South Carolina platform, and denied that he ever advocated separate secession, or thought it advisable, "under existing circumstances."

Connecticut.—On the fourth ballot for United States Senator, Baldwin (Free Soil Whig,) had 109; Catlin, 68; Seymour, 38; and 8 scattering. The balloting was then postponed.

New York.—In the Assembly a series of resolutions endorsing the Compromise Measures of Congress, were referred to the Judiciary Committee, reported back, and indefinitely postponed.

Canada.—Government has introduced a Bill to abolish the aristocratic right of Primogeniture in the succession of real estate.

Letter from President Fillmore to the Common Council of Boston.—A letter from President Fillmore was received and read at the meeting of the Common Council on the 13th, in reply to the invitation to visit Boston. After alluding to the recent slave case, and complimenting the citizens of Boston for sustaining the law, the President says:—

Nothing but a stern sense of duty, founded upon a rational, firm conviction that a Constitutional and legal obligation must be obeyed at any and every sacrifice, could have insured the execution of the law in a case like this—but for myself I never doubted that the law would ultimately triumph—good faith is the foundation of all morality and all security. The Free States had pledged themselves by the Constitution to the performance of this duty. The Slave States had a right to insist, and did insist, upon its performance.

There was, then, no alternative but to break our faith, forfeit our word of honor, and thereby trample the Constitution of our country in the dust, and run the hazards of a civil war; or else admit the obligation, like honest, true-hearted men, and do all in our power to comply with it; still hoping and trusting that, in due time, some mode would be devised by those who have the Constitutional power to abolish slavery, and who are most deeply interested in its extinction, to get rid of the evil, without destroying the fairest fabric of freedom that mortal hands have ever raised, and in its ruins extinguishing the last hope of humanity for self-government.

Permit me to say that this Government has cost Boston too much to be given up or hazarded for slight or trivial causes—some of the Patriots of the Revolution still linger among you, and the monumental pillar of your grateful recollections of the heroes who fell at Bunker Hill, would seem to be a mockery if their sons could so soon forget that this Constitution cost the heart's blood of their sires; that your citizens have acted wisely and patriotically in sustaining the law, I cannot doubt.

Their conduct has been governed by the highest sense of moral and political obligations, and for this noble example I feel constrained, as the Chief Magistrate, whose especial duty it is to see that the laws are faithfully executed, to return the citizens of Boston my warmest acknowledgments, and I should have been most happy to have done this in person, were it consistent with my official engagements to leave the city.

Singular Cause of Death.—The Memphis papers announce the death of Hon. Wm. B. Turley, Judge of the Memphis Court of Common Law and Chancery. On Friday morning week, stepping from the door of the hotel at Raleigh, he fell, and his cane being broken, pierced his left side near the region of the heart, inflicting a terrible wound, of which he died on Tuesday night.

THE LOCUSTS.

The Germantown Telegraph says that the Locusts are just now as busy as bees, and singing from morning till night, and the editor adds these interesting particulars:

The females, in the midst of this universal concert, are busy laying their eggs, each one depositing a large number. [illegible] ... skill. The females, only, are armed with this singular tool, and it is this which is by many pronounced its sting. We are certain, however, that they do not use it as a weapon of defence, and that the persons who have been injured by it, have accidentally struck against it. It is as sharp and as hard almost as the point of a pin.

These perforations are made mostly in the heart of the branch, the wood being pulverized or ground until it is quite fine and soft, but not detached—into the bottom of which their eggs are very regularly and compactly deposited in a single layer, from two to four inches long, nicely lapping over each other like the scales of a fish. The egg is perfectly white, about a sixteenth of an inch in length, having a hard, smooth shell, which cracks on being pressed, the whole being completely buried between the bark and the heart of the twig—at one point even penetrating the heart.

In less than a month hence, the whole tribe, having performed the errand upon which they were sent, of propagating their species, will, in a great measure, have disappeared; and in a little while after, the eggs having produced their young, the larva will penetrate the earth and remain there—but in what particular localities, has never yet been satisfactorily decided—until another periodical revolution shall come round, when they will visit us, as have their predecessors upon the present occasion.

A Short Sentence.—That notorious old evil-doer familiarly known to men, women and child throughout Southern Michigan as "Zile Doty," was brought up for sentence, a few days ago, before his honor, Judge Pratt. Pratt surveyed the prisoner a few moments severely, in order to impress him with a becoming sense of his situation; he then addressed to him a severe lesson upon his past transgressions and wicked ways, having done which, and the prisoner having meekly intimated that he had nothing to say in mitigation of sentence, Judge P. addressed him thus:

"Doty, how old are you?"

"Fifty-three, your honor."

"Doty, the enormity of your offence demands that you be sent to the State Prison for twenty years. But, Doty, we are reminded by words of Holy Writ that the days of man's years are three score years and ten—I shall, therefore, in clemency towards you, and being guided by the Scriptural limit of human life, sentence you to the State Prison for *only* seventeen years!"—Doty was almost overwhelmed with a sense of his deep obligation to the clemency of the judge.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

Maine Liquor Law.—It forbids the manufacture or sale of all spirituous and intoxicating liquors, except by authorized and licensed town agents, and then only for medicinal and mechanical purposes. If any unlicensed person shall manufacture or sell these liquors, he is subjected, for the first conviction, to a fine of one hundred dollars, for the second conviction to a fine of two hundred dollars, and for the third to two hundred dollars and four months' imprisonment. It authorizes the search of stores, &c., for spirituous liquors intended for sale without license, and the destruction of the liquor, unless proved to be imported and in the original packages in which it was imported. No person engaged in the unlawful traffic is allowed to sit on a jury in any case arising under the Act.

Peat.—A bed of Peat of the purest quality has been discovered within four miles of Saratoga, N. Y., covering sixty acres. Excavations have been made to a great depth, without finding any bottom to the strata. It is said to be much cheaper, and far superior to coal in its use for stoves or grates.

Local News.

Monument to the Memory of Francis R. Shunk.—In a few days the monument to be raised at the Trappe, in Montgomery County, over the remains of the late Governor Shunk, will be completed, and ready for the inspection of the public. This appropriate tribute to the memory of the lamented deceased is to be reared by the friends of Governor Shunk, by contribution, and when properly adjusted at the designated place, will present an appearance that will do honor to those immediately interested, as well as those who have contributed their mite to the laudable object, and the many admirers of the venerable man whose memory is thus to be revered. The monument is executed out of white marble, from one of the quarries of Pennsylvania, and in the most elegant style. The greatest taste has been displayed in getting it up, and the entire construction of it reflects the highest credit upon those concerned in its manufacture. The monument will be twenty-four feet high, with the portion containing the inscriptions, three feet three inches square, and another square block resting on this, bearing the coat of arms of Pennsylvania, the coat of arms of the United States, an admirable likeness of the deceased, and the private seal of Governor Shunk. The workmanship on this portion of the monument is exquisitely done, and the private seal, particularly, is calculated to attract much attention. It is enclosed in a beautiful wreath, and represents a stairway with a railing, emblematical of what can be done with energy and perseverance. Over it are the words in German, "Ich Ersteige"—the translation of which is—"I rise." On the lower part is carved the following inscriptions—the English directed by the Committee, and the German by the deceased in his last will:

"Erected by the citizens of Pennsylvania, July 4, A. D. 1851, as a testimonial of their high regard for the public character and services, and private worth of Francis R. Shunk, Governor of Pennsylvania, born at Trappe, Pa., 7th Aug., A. D. 1788; died at Harrisburg, Pa., 20th of July, A. D. 1848. An affectionate son, brother, husband, parent; a sincere and constant friend; a self-educated and patriotic statesman; a virtuous, humane and upright man, who exhibited the beauty of the Christian character in his life, and the triumph of the Christian's faith in his death."

"Zum Gedæchtniss der hier ruhenden Gebeine des weiland verstorbenen Franz Rahn Schunk. Er wurde geboren in der Trappe, Montgomery County, Pennsylvanien, den 7ten August, im Jahre unsers Herrn, 1788. Er starb den 20sten July, 1848, in Alter von 59 Jahren, 11 Monaten, 13 Tagen. Ich weiss dass mein Erlœser lebt.—Hiob, cap. 19, vers 25."

The German inscription, when the monument is put together, will be on the right side, immediately under the coat of arms of the United States, while the English inscription will be beneath the front side bearing the likeness of Gov. Shunk. The left side will bear the coat of arms of Pennsylvania, and the rear the private seal. An obelisk will be placed on this upper block, surmounted by a large and handsomely carved eagle, with wings spread. The Committee are actively engaged in making the necessary preparations for the erection of this tribute on the approaching anniversary of American Independence, and on the occasion an immense throng may be expected to be present and participate in the solemn and impressive ceremonies. The foundation has been laid, and the arrangements are almost complete. The builder of the monument is Mr. Thomas Hargrave. On the 4th the Hon. Geo. W. Woodward, of Wilksbarre, is to deliver the address.

Tragedy near Moorestown.—On Tuesday of last week a terrible tragedy was enacted near Moorestown, on the road to Haddonfield. It appears that, from what we could learn, a man named Cowperthwaite had, about a year since entertained feelings of rather a hostile nature against another named Van Schiver, and had made violent threats against him, for which Mr. Van Schiver caused a warrant to be issued for his apprehension and arrest. Cowperthwaite, ascertaining that officers were on the watch for him suddenly left the place, and was absent about a year. On Tuesday week last, however, he returned, armed himself, and repaired to the residence of Mr. Van Schiver for the purpose of executing vengeance upon him, but, fortunately, he was not at home. Cowperthwaite then left the house, and secreted himself in a grain field opposite, where he could watch when Van Schiver might return. In a short time afterwards, Mrs. Van Schiver discovered her turkies in the field, and went to drive them out, when she saw Cowperthwaite with a double-barreled gun in his possession. As she was in the act of leaving the field the villain fired at her, wounding her severely in the thigh. Alarm was immediately given, and a number of the citizens of Moorestown, headed by their constable armed themselves, and repaired to the field to arrest him. Upon their approach, Cowperthwaite fled, but was hotly pursued; and, seeing that his pursuers gained on him, he turned around and snapped one barrel of his gun at the constable, but it did not go off. He then fired the other barrel, the contents of which took effect in the constable's arm. The shot was returned by the constable and one of the party, wounding the prisoner severely, by which means they succeeded in arresting him. He was taken to Mount Holly and committed to await his trial.

Another Church Row.—The German Catholic Trinity Church, at the Northwest corner of Sixth and Spruce Sts., was recently the scene of considerable excitement. It appears that the members have been divided among themselves for some time past, and there has been considerable litigation in regard to the affairs of the Church.

On the day set apart for the election of Trustees, there was quite an exciting time of it. There were two tickets in the field. The new party got into a school-house in the rear of the Church, and opened the polls; but the old objected to this, and opened a poll in the yard of the Church on a table. Both parties appealed to Marshal Keyser for protection, and there was in a short time more concourse on the ground than church members. The two parties are distinguished as the "High" and the "Low Dutch." The letter appeared yesterday to be in the ascendancy. The following are the Trustees voted for:

New Ticket, (Low Dutch)—Francis Jucker, John M. Schmidt, Francis Simon, Joseph Becker, Peter Karner, Charles Wildeier, Bernard Huleman, Henry Schmidt.

Old Ticket, (High Dutch)—John Batz, John Geo. Fisher, Joseph Ruch, And. Speir, Peter Fasel, Roay Flege, Ignatio Lutz, John Thomas.

When we left the scene of excitement, both parties claimed to be victorious, and we suppose it is so.

Daring Robbery.—On Thursday afternoon week, as the firemen's escort was passing the Exchange, a most daring robbery was perpetrated in the crowd. A lady had her wallet, containing one hundred and twenty dollars, and a check for one hundred dollars, taken from her pocket; and at the same moment an unsuccessful effort was made to wrest her watch from her side. She made an alarm, but, strange to say, no one paid attention to her representations in time to secure the villainous thief, who absconded, amid the throng and confusion, in effecting his escape.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 156—adults 57, and children 99.

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, June 19—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Prices are selling from $7.00 to $8.00 per 100 lbs. [illegible] About 600 head in market, and sold from $5 to 5.50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $15 to 40. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3 to 4; the latter from $2 to 3, according to quality.

Liver Complaint is generally accompanied with pain in the right side, extending to the top of the shoulder; variable appetite, costiveness, a dry cough, [illegible] ...

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found one of the very best medicines in the world for the cure of all diseases of the Liver; because they expel from the body those morbid humors which, when deposited upon this important organ, are the cause of every variety of Liver Complaint. From three to six of the above named Pills, taken on going to bed, will, in a short time, give such manifest relief, that no persuasion will be necessary to induce a perseverance in their use, until the liver is restored to healthy action.

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Wholesale Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

June 1851.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
21 Saturday	4 34	7 26	8 9	
22 Sunday	4 35	7 26	8 49	
23 Monday	4 35	7 26	9 30	
24 Tuesday	4 35	7 26	10 13	D. H. M.
25 Wed'day	4 35	7 26	10 59	First 6 1 39
26 Thursday	4 35	7 26	11 49	Full 13 1 43
27 Friday	4 35	7 26	12 40	Last 21 1 31
28 Saturday	4 34	7 26	1 31	New 29 1 17

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 8,	63	64	66
9,	66	76	76
10,	66	75	76
11,	66	76	75
12,	68	76	86
13,	79	73	76
14,	65	74	76

Marriages.

At Wilmington, Del. on the 18th inst. Presell Churchman, of New York, to Anna Ellen Marshall, of the former place.

On the 10th inst. at the Church of the Epiphany, by the Rev. J. H. Fowles, John M. Ash, to Maria Dorsey, daughter of Isaac Prince, all of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. E. B. Bruen, Mr. James Creighton, to Miss Rebecca Lockart, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. George Chandler, Capt William E. Bell, of N. York, to Miss Mary Emma, daughter of Wm. H. Bennet, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, of Philadelphia, Jonathan Shoemaker, to Mary Graham, both of Baltimore, Md.

On the 10th inst. in Lower Merion Township, by the Rev. S. Wistar, Lucien Horner, of Manayunk, to Emily, daughter of A. E. McKeever.

On the 4th inst. at Bristol, Pa. by the Rev. Dr. Phillips, of N. York, Howard C. Phillips, to Anna, daughter of Hezekiah King.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. T. J. Thompson, Mr Francis Fryer, to Miss Caroline Roberts, all of this city.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. J. Maxwell, Mr. Chas Band, to Miss Amelia Jackson, both of Kensington.

In the borough of Milton, by the Rev. George C Drake, Rector of St. James' Church, Muncy, on the 3d inst. the Rev. John G. Furey, Rector of Christ Church, Milton, to Miss Keturah, daughter of the late Rev. John Rhoads, of the last named place.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. N. S. Aller, Mr William Creighton, to Miss Mary A. McKahin, daughter of Wm. McKahin Esq. all of Norrington Township, Montgomery county.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. T. R. Taylor, Mr. Richard H. Lee, to Miss Ann Elwell, all of Camden, N. J.

On the 7th inst. at the Church of the Nativity, by the Rev. N. S. Harris, Mr. John Foster, of this city to Miss Mary E. Coolidge, formerly of Baltimore.

By the same, Mr. Henry Lyleburn, to Miss Isabella F. Coolidge.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cullen, Mr Michael Magee, of Kensington, to Miss Margaret McIntire, of the N. Liberties.

Deaths.

On the 1st inst. at Havre de Grace, Md., Mrs. Sidney Wells, relict of the late Lorin Wells, Sr. in her 76th year.

On the 12th inst. Mr. William Hensel, aged 55.

On the 11th inst. William, son of William H. and Elizabeth C. Hood, aged 21 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, aged 85 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Margaret Bingham, aged 35 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Ann Black, aged 85 years.

On the 11th inst. George Brown, aged 48 years.

On the 11th inst. Miss Sarah Clifton, aged 25.

On the 10th instant, in Montgomery county, Mrs. Sarah J. Deily.

On the 11th inst. Charles Hinkelwright, son of Chas. and Mary A. Burns, aged 17 months.

On the 11th inst. Eugene, son of Henry and Caroline Taggart, aged 4 months.

On the 10th inst. Clara Bianca, daughter of Cromwell P. and Charity C. Weaver.

On the 11th inst. Theodore, son of W. Brookfield, aged 10 months.

On the 9th inst. Mr. Anthony Gilbert, aged 58.

On the 10th inst. Francis A. Homer, aged 35.

On the 10th inst. Lawrence, son of George and Mary Bruster, aged 4 years.

On the 10th inst. George Miller, Sr. aged 58.

On the 10th inst. Jacob Showaker, aged 7 mos.

On the 9th inst. Mr. Thomas Field, aged 77.

On the 20th ultimo, in Springfield, Illinois, Major Robert Whitcoat, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 83 years.

On the 9th inst. Robert H. Kinlock, formerly of Charleston, S. C. aged 31 years.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Valentine Freedman, aged 59 years.

On the 9th inst. William L. Smallcross, aged 26.

On the 10th inst. Rachel Shuman, aged 45.

On the 10th inst. Peter Wentzel, aged 40.

On the 10th inst. Frank Howard, son of John and Sarah L. Capewell, aged 19 months.

On the 9th inst. Joanna Bastian, aged 4 years and 3 months.

On the 9th inst. Samuel Forsyth, aged 44.

On the 7th inst. James Boyd, Sr. aged 51 years.

Acrostic to the Memory of Mrs. LUCINDA N. HARLOW, of Jaffrey, N. H.

Listen fond partner of thy youth, and in submission bow,
Unpleasant thus to part, but kiss the hand that gave the blow.
Could I return to earth again, and my vision there explain,
In truth, perhaps, you'd say, your loss is my eternal gain—
No more then murmur or complain, but wipe your tears away,
Do that which heaven directs, whilst thus its call'd to day,
And as you rove along this thought should give you pleasure,
None others liv'd more happy here than you and I together.
How oft we've talk'd of better days, of prospects bright and fair,
And in the midst of shining hopes a thorn was planted there.
Resolve then now in manhood's life, and let your thoughts arise,
Look forward to a world of bliss, a mansion in the skies.
Onward then in virtue's path till you reach that peaceful shore,
Where you and I shall meet again in love to part no more.
E. H.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 26 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 21, 1851.

Bank	Rate
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	13 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'ty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	[illegible] dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'th Amboy	¼ dis
Farmers and Mech. bk. N. Brun.	¼ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under 5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a ¼ dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis

Bank	Rate
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	3 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches	1 dis
Far bk & branches	1 dis
Valley bk & branch	1 dis
Ex'ch bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	10 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	2½ dis
Bk East Tenn.	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3 dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners bank	—

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THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, No. 50 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. Market closing firm.

Stock	Bid	Asked	Stock	Bid	Asked
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 14.

Ashes—Steady sales, 100 bbls.

Cotton—The market continues heavy, with sales of 700 bales.

Flour, &c.—We notice a moderate business doing in Flour to-day, but the market continues in the same depressed state noticed for several days past. Sales of 9,300 bbls at $3.81 a4 for mixed to good Michigan, $4.01 a3.87½ for old State from store; $3.87½ a4 for fresh ground State, and $4.25 a4.37½ for pure Genesee. Southern Flour is a shade firmer, with sales of 800 bbls at $4.31 a4.50. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet.

Grain—The market is still very heavy for Wheat, and we can only hear of sales of 3,600 bushels Ohio at about 93c. Rye is dull at 53c. Corn is scarce and better; 31,000 bushels at 53a54c for heated, 54a56½ for mixed, and 59c for round yellow. Oats are firm at 44a46c.

Provisions—The market for new Pork is a shade firmer. The quotations, however, are somewhat nominal. Sales of 400 bbls at $14.50a$13 for new Mess and Prime. Beef is steady, with sales of 100 bbls good Mess at $10. Lard unchanged; 250 bbls were sold at 9½c for good. In Cut Meats there is nothing of importance doing. Butter and Cheese are without change to notice.

Whiskey—The market is firmer, and holders now refuse anything less than 23c. 75 casks Drudge sold at 22c.

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The unparalleled and astonishing efficacy of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, in all the diseases for which it is recommended, curing many cases after the skill of the best physicians has proved unavailing, has effected a large and increasing demand for it. This fact has caused many unprincipled counterfeiters and imitators to palm off spurious mixtures, of similar name and appearance, for the genuine Balsam, misspelling the name, and forging certificates to resemble those of the true Balsam. "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry" is the only genuine. The rest merely imitate the name of the original, while they possess none of its virtues.

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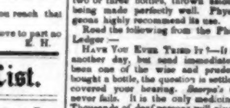

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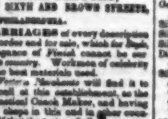

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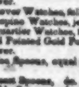

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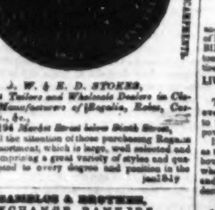

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THE unexpected mass of material offered in competition for these prizes has necessarily delayed the conclusion of the labors of the Committee greatly beyond the period originally intended; nor are those labors yet finished. But, as many of the competitors have expressed an anxiety to know what progress has been made in the business, the Committee, at their meeting on Saturday, May 24, gave directions that the public should be informed of the titles of five articles, which have been already selected for prizes. The determination to deal faithfully with more than four hundred essays and tales, almost as various in subject as the variety of human taste and feeling, and covering probably eight thousand pages of manuscript, will be sufficient apology for the delay. The final Report cannot be prepared before the August number, but the publication of the Prize Articles will commence, as announced, with the July number. The order of publication will be no test of the relative merit of the successful articles, as the Committee disapproved of any attempt to establish an invidious and uncertain distinction. The articles already selected remain subject to the choice of the writers, which, if already expressed, will be attended to as the earliest convenient moment. All have been examined, but a considerable number are still under discussion.

The prizes already determined are as follows:

The Estranged Hearts—Clara Moreton (nom de plume) Philadelphia.
The Lamb Girl—J. M. Legare, Aiken, S. C.
Old Superstitions—Ernestine Brandes, Cincinnati, Ohio.
The Old and the New—E. H. H., Worcester, Mass.
Hannibal Compared With Napoleon—William Henry Herbert, Newark, N. J.

Many articles which, through errors of style or other defects, are thrown from the competition, have been referred to the proprietors of the Magazine as being possessed of sufficient merit, when compared with the best that have been offered, to render them, in certain respects, worthy of further consideration by the Editor, in connexion with the Authors. By order of the Committee,

REYNELL COATES, Chairman.
Philadelphia, May 26.

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Table, Desert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.

Table, Desert and Tea Forks, Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Desert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.

Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also Urns and Water Kettles, Castor and Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

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MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant, scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY

seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various diseases arising from an

IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

ALSO ALL

BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY, Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

Those affected with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.

It is composed of medicines so happily combined, as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a

CHRONIC NATURE.

It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.

Prepared only by C. MORSE & CO., at 182 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by thousands all over the United States, Canada, &c.

General Agent—T. W. Dyott & Sons, 132 North Second Street, Sole Agents for Philadelphia, and General Wholesale Agents for the United States. feb 1-1y

Selected Poetry.

REBECCA.

[illegible]

We thought that death did seem to her
Of long-lost joy the harbinger;—
Like an old household servant come
To take the willing wanderer home;
The stilled hours, it was very clear,
But then the harbinger [illegible];
And why should she be lingering here?
Sadly the servant bore the child,
Who, at her parting, turned and smiled,
And looked back to us, all the night
Forever hid her from our sight.

Selected Articles.

CURIOSITIES OF TRADE.

In the East of Asia, where black teeth are admired from China to Kamtschatka, the profession of a toothblacker is quite as constantly followed, and in no less repute than that of the European dentist, whose place it occupies. The business [illegible], however, has comparatively being almost restricted to the blacking process, which, in a thousand cases, must be found more convenient than our ordinary expedients. Decayed teeth are by no means of such frequent occurrence in those regions as among the natives of Europe, and physicians have ascribed the fact to the simple diet of the people, and the thoughtless, [illegible] which keep their teeth equally sound. The blacking business is practised by both sexes, and some of its chiefs enjoy considerable reputation and emolument from the patronage of their dye, and the jetty polish imparted by their art; the secrets of which are kept with Oriental tenacity, more especially from the barbarians, as Europeans are politely termed, the profession being determined against sharing their profits with them.

There is a description of trade, we believe, confined to China, and highly characteristic of its social condition. The Chinese name, which literally signifies gossip-monger, may sound rather new to our ears in connection with a paying vocation; yet such it is, and it is handsomely remunerative. A number of elderly ladies, generally widows, make it their business to collect gossip, or *dits*, and stories of all sorts, with which they repair to the houses of the rich, entertaining their retired by hosting a small drum, which they carry for that purpose, and offer their services to amuse the ladies of the family. When it is considered that shopping, public assemblies, and even morning calls, are all but forbidden to the beauty and fashion of China by their country's notions of both propriety and feet, some idea may be formed of the welcome generally given to these reporting dames. They are paid according to the time employed, at the rate of about half-a-crown an hour, and are besides in the frequent receipt of presents—their occupation affording many opportunities of making themselves generally useful in matters of courtship, rivalry, and etiquette. On these accounts they generally retire from business in easy circumstances, but are said never to do so unless obliged by actual infirmity; and the Chinese remark that theirs is the only profession to which its practitioners are uniformly attached by inclination.

In most Mohammedan countries there exists a trade not less indicative of their peculiar customs. It is followed by a similar description of persons, but somewhat inferior in rank to the gossip-dispensers of China. Like them, they are generally old and solitary women, and called *dellalehs*, or female brokers. They go from house to house, collecting those specimens of needlework on which the inmates of the harem employ their abundant leisure. Purses, veils, embroidered shawls, and other appendages of Eastern fashion, are thus fabricated and entrusted to the dellaleh, who sells them to wealthier or less industrious ladies. From the very nature of her business, she knows where one article may be found and another is wanted, and so conducts a species of domestic commerce, from which considerable profits are said to be realized by the workers. Their industry is encouraged by the exclusive possession of the money thus acquired, it being inalienable, even in the case of slaves; and Lane, in his edition of the "Arabian Nights," supplies an instance of one of these girls, who privately gave her lover a sum of money from her own earnings, sufficient to purchase her in the public market. The dellalehs receive a small commission on their sales, and are usually trustworthy, as the contrary conduct would upset their business. They are also enabled to do a trifle in the gossipping line, and there are none more welcome visitors to an Eastern household.

Singular as it may sound, the dressmakers of our fame's ancestors belonged entirely to the rougher sex. Whether this arrangement originated in the fashions of the former times, which prescribed the same substantial materials for the external garments of both lord and lady, dividing their costly rich velvets, heavy silks, and fine broadcloths equally between them, with comparatively small difference of form; or whether it was owing to a practical paradox in their social economy, similar to that which occupies tall fellows with gauze and gum-flowers in our modern shops—is now too distant for our discovery; but the profession continued to stitch and prosper till the beginning of Charles I.'s reign, when his queen, Henrietta Maria, introduced at once that article of dress called the mantua, and its feminine fabricator, as a French improvement, to the ladies of her court; on which account the term mantuamaker was applied to the needlewoman in general, almost to our own times. Shakspeare, in one of his dramas introduces a disciple of the art referred to, in terms which indicate how low a place the birthmarking man held in popular respect.

A branch of female industry which rose with his decline, has long since merged in the complicated duties of the laundress; but in the latter days of Elizabeth, few professions in England were more remunerative than that of a starcher. Stiffness was then the order of dress; and a divine of the period complains that the court starchers were more esteemed and better paid than the court chaplains. How far that preposterous preference may have weighed with the pulpit, is not for us to decide; but sundry sermons were preached against starch; yet in the reign of Charles II. it appears that the apprentice fees required by a professor of the art were, £10 for boiling, and £5 for putting on—a sum at as money was then estimated.

PRETENSION.—A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. If a man know that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment-days, and into every assembly that man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. "What hath he done?" is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in any chair in the world, nor be distinguished for his hour from Homer and Washington; but there never can be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings, when we seek the truth. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never feigned any act of real greatness.—*Emerson.*

THE LIQUOR SWINDLE.

[illegible]

"A person who he had examined the [illegible] [illegible]

On the authority of Professor Lee, the author of the pamphlet [illegible]

The importer, who, we should judge, is a sort of a reformed liquor dealer, so thoroughly conversant does he appear to be with "the tricks of the trade," then allows his [illegible] by stating that a dealer in strong drink, once residing in Albany, ordered him that "when he purchased imported liquors in New York, on shipboard, he felt no security in receiving the imported article, unless he watched it from the ship to the Albany vessel himself. A large number of pipes of imported brandy were purchased of the importer while on the dock, returned the following night, the casks emptied, and fictitious brandy substituted, the casks replaced in their old position before morning, and the whole sold at auction *the next day*, as pure imported brandy."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese shine like the Chinese in man[illegible]. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Meylan saw growing, a fir, a bamboo, and a plum tree, in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however small, are always laid out in landscape style, and each is adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summer-house, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes them to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment, upon which a bouquet stands, and is engaged upon her nosegay. An act of taste? Oh dear, no; every drawing-room in Japan has such a shelf, with flowers placed upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would, in the first place, make the nosegay talk, and say, "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive, the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves, in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put.

One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan, is to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules laid down in a large book on the arrangement of the drawing-room nosegay, in a manner suitable to every event. It is the Japanese "Use of the globes" to ladies' schools. The boys and girls, after reading and writing, which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant bodies, the whole science and practice of good breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. To boys there is given special training in the harakiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it so much concerns the honor of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boys' school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in this art of suicide. Boys practise all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace, caused often by the deeds of other men, appears inevitable, he appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connexions, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at a solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature; dying before disgrace came to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from participation in his fall, which otherwise was inevitable.—*Household Words.*

MILTON'S LOVE OF FREEDOM.

We see Milton's greatness of mind in his fervent and constant attachment to liberty. Freedom, in all its forms and branches, was dear to him, but especially freedom of thought and speech, of conscience and worship; freedom to seek, profess, and propagate truth. The liberty of ordinary politicians, which protects men's outward rights, and removes restraints from the pursuit of property and outward good, fell very short of that for which Milton lived, and was ready to die. The tyranny which he hated most was that which broke the intellectual and moral power of the community. The worst feature of the institutions which he assailed, was, that they fettered the mind. He felt within himself that the human mind had a principle of perpetual growth, that it was essentially diffusive and made for progress, and he wished every chain broken, and that it might run the race of truth and virtue with increasing ardor and success. This attachment to a spiritual and refined freedom, which never forsook him in the hottest controversies, contributed greatly to protect his genius, imagination, taste, and sensibility, from the withering and polluting influences of public station, and of the rage of parties. It threw a hue of poetry over politics, and gave a sublime reference to his service of the Commonwealth. The fact that Milton, in that stormy day, and amidst the trials of public office, kept his high faculties undepraved, was a proof of no common greatness. Politics, however they make the intellect active, sagacious, and inventive, within a certain sphere, generally extinguish its thirst for universal truth, paralyze sentiment and imagination, corrupt the simplicity of the mind, destroy that confidence in human virtue which lies at the foundation of philanthropy and generous sacrifice, and end, in cold and prudent selfishness. Milton passed through a revolution, which in its last stages and issue was peculiarly fitted to damp enthusiasm, to scatter the visions of hope, and to infuse doubts of the reality of virtuous principle; and yet the ardor and moral feeling, and enthusiasm of his youth came forth unhurt, and even exalted from the trial.

THE SHIRT TREE OF SOUTH AMERICA.—The numerous and well known voyages to the South Sea Islands, &c., made us well acquainted with what is called the *bread-tree* as well as another kind, known under the name of the *butter-tree*.—But it remained for the indefatigable M. Humboldt to discover in the wilds of South America, a tree which produces ready-made *shirts*. "We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida," says M. Humboldt, "*shirt-trees* fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of marima in the rainy season; they have the form of the *ponchos* and *ruanas* of cotton, which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary cause of the indolence of the inhabitants, the Missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of *marima*, 'in the forests of the Oronoko, garments are found ready-made on the trees.' We may add to this tale of the shirts, the pointed caps, which the spathes of certain palm-trees furnish, and which resemble coarse net-work."

A young man asked his governor for some money, as he wanted to go out of town to recruit his health. "Recruit your health?" exclaimed the old curmudgeon. "Well, then, sir, here's a shilling—that is all we pay for recruiting in the army."

Wit and Humor.

How a Man was Sold.—[illegible] Samuel A. Walker, Esq., the popular [illegible] [illegible]

The papers of the city teemed with advertisements describing the "beautiful location"—"healthy neighborhood"—"no epidemics in [illegible]"—"easy distance"—"splendid orchards"—"water ditches close at hand"—"the pride of the South shore equally unrivalled," &c.—In short, it was just the place for any man who wanted a country residence. The advertisements caught the Doctor's eye—he did not recognize the place as his own, but it was the one he wanted. He gave an agent orders to attend the sale and buy that place whatever it was sold—no matter at what price.

"But," said the agent, who read the description a little more carefully, "Doctor, this is your own place that is to be sold."

"Is it? Well," replied the Doctor, after awaiting a moment, "never mind about that, you go and bid it off, for I can't be another man have a place that has so many advantages—advantages I never observed this before."

The agent bid in the estate, and whenever the Doctor feels a little homesick, or inclined to sell out, his wife reads him one of Mr. Walker's advertisements. This quiets him.

A Ruse.—A sporting gentleman, attended by his servant, lately entered a Scotch hostelrie, for the purpose of refreshing the inner man.—They were met by the landlady, who welcomed her visitors, but the next moment gave a look of alarm at the guns, and reminiscences of "melancholy and fatal accidents," duly chronicled in a thousand and one different newspapers, crowded on her sensitive memory.

"Oh, sirs!" she exclaimed, "are thae guns loaded?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Dear me!—but I canna allow loaded guns in my house; I couldna bide the thocht o't—nae ane kens what dreadfu' mischanter might happen."

"Oh, bring me a cork; I'll make it all right," said Mr. ——.

The keeper in a moment comprehended his master's ruse—with the hostess's help, got the article. Mr. —— and his man then pared the halved cork nicely down to the proper size, and corked up each barrel!

The ruse succeeded; the landlady's terror was appeased, and no accident occurred with the guns.

A Thundering Cold Fire.—On a winter night, a few years since, I was riding through the little town of Lowell, Maine. My route lay along upon a high ridge of land between the Cold Stream Pond and the Passadumkeag stream.—The huge, full-moon was just rising in the horizon, looking larger than ever. The sleighing was excellent, and my horse, as if charmed by the scene, was trotting off at a brisk rate, when from some cause he suddenly stopped. On looking for it, I discovered a horse and sleigh driverless. In the sleigh was a mysterious looking hag, sole master of the premises, and upon looking for the driver, I found that individual by the road-side—the hag was evidently master of him as of the sleigh. He was muttering something to himself about a "thundering cold fire," and blaming an imaginary John for not "putting on more wood!" Coming nearer to him, I found that he was sitting upon the snow, his feet through the fence, *warming them at the moon.*

Taking it Easy.—Old father Hodge was a queer dick, and, in his own way, made every thing a subject of rejoicing.

His son Ben came one day and said—

"Father, that old black sheep has got two lambs."

"Good," says the old man, "that's the most profitable sheep on the farm."

"But one of them is dead," returned Ben.

"I'm glad on't," says father, "it'll be better for the old sheep."

"But t'other's dead, too," says Ben.

"So much the better," rejoined Hodge, "she'll make a grand piece of mutton in the Fall."

"Yes, but the old sheep's dead, too," exclaimed Ben.

"Dead!—dead! what! the old sheep dead?" cries old Hodge, "that's good; she was always an ugly old scamp."

Useful.—About two o'clock on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farmhouse in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following interesting dialogue occurred—

"Have you any hay, Mr. ——?"

"Plenty of it, sir."

"Have you plenty of corn?"

"Yes."

"Any oats?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of meat and breadstuffs?"

"Yes."

"Well, we are glad to hear it; *for they are useful things in a family.*"

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

Real and Ideal.—Dow, Jr., in one of his discourses in which he describes the contrast between semblance and reality, hits off a belle scene:—

"A woman," says he, "may not be an angel, though she glides through the mazes of the dance, like a spirit clothed with a rainbow, and studded with stars. The young man may behold his admired object in the morrow in the true light of reality, emptying a wash-tub in the gutter, with frock pinned up behind—her cheeks pale for the want of paint—her hair mussed and snarly, except what lies in the bureau; and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel rammed through a brush fence, into a world of wretchedness and woe!"

The Man that was "Broke of his Rest."—About the drollest man alive is a chap now in Chicago, well-known in Northern Vermont by the name of "Tim Walt." Say what you might to Tim, he was always ready with a repartee, and a good one. On one occasion, he came into a hotel in Burlington, looking rather jaded and down-in-the-mouth. "What's the matter, Tim?" said one of the company, "you look rather the worse for wear." "Why, you see," said Tim, "I haven't slept a wink for three nights—*last night, to-night, and to-morrow night!*" Having set the bar-room in a roar, Tim left to make up for his loss by a triple snooze.—*Post.*

A Stage Manager.—The manager of a country theatre, during the rehearsal of a musical piece, observed a horn player in the orchestra, sitting inactive, while all the other musicians were playing.

"Why ain't you playing, sir?" sharply demanded the manager.

"Why, sir," said the performer, who was busy counting some fifty bars in his part, "I am resting."

"Resting, sir!" exclaimed the potentate,—"I'll have no resting in my theatre—play on, sir!"

Eloquence.—"But, as I said before, we have proved to you where that town lies is. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, there it is, and there it will remain forever; and all the ingenuity of my learned brother can never efface it—can never wash it out. No, gentlemen, he may plant one foot on the utmost verge of the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, and plant the other on Arcturus, and seize the Pleiades by the hair and wring them till they are dry, but he cannot wash out that town lies."

A gentleman who had listened attentively to a long, diffuse, and highly ornamented prayer, was asked by one of the members, "if he did not think the minister very gifted in prayer?" "Yes," he replied, "I think it is as good a prayer as was ever offered to a congregation."

LECTURES ON INDIA,

BY

CALEB WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

[illegible]

NUMBER III.

The goddess Kali is represented (as shown) as a woman of a dark blue color, with four arms, in the act of trampling under her feet her prostrate and supplicating husband. In one hand she holds the bloody head of a giant, and in another an exterminating sword. Her long, dishevelled hair reaches to her feet; her tongue protrudes from her distorted mouth; and her lips, eyebrows, and breast, are stained with the blood of the victims of her fury, whom she is supposed to devour by thousands. Her ear ornaments are composed of human carcasses. The girdle about her waist consists of the bloody hands of giants slain by her in single combat, and her necklace is composed of their skulls. This monster divinity is one of the most popular objects of Hindu worship. She calls forth the shouts, the acclamations, and the free-will offerings of myriads of infatuated worshippers. Her temples are continually drenched with the blood of victims; even human victims are occasionally sacrificed to her. In 1830, the Rajah of the Goonds sacrificed twenty men at one time, as the promised reward of her supposed assistance in a single enterprise.

The Hindus, like the inhabitants of more civilized countries, have secret societies. The most remarkable of these is the society of the Thugs, which boasts of great antiquity. In some respects, it is a religious society; for its members believe that they are under the immediate guidance and protection of Kali, and that she permits them to obtain their livelihood by murdering travellers on the highway and then taking their property. It would be quite inconsistent with their religious principles, to rob any person until he is first deprived of life by strangulation. They allege that this system was instituted by Kali, and is consequently of divine origin; that, for many thousands of years, she assisted them in escaping detection, by devouring the dead bodies of their victims; but, on a certain occasion, a Thug, contrary to her command, looked back to see how she disposed of the corpses, and saw her feasting on them. This disobedience offended her, that she declared she would no longer devour those whom they murdered. They believe, however, that she still continues to protect them, and that the Thugs shall prosper by certain omens. When devoting their time to committing a murder, in order to propitiate the favor of Kali, they sacrifice a sheep, by cutting off its head, upon which the priest places sugar and repeats the following prayer: "Great Goddess! Universal Mother! If this our meditated expedition is fitting in thy sight, vouchsafe us thine help and the signs of thy approbation." While repeating this invocation, they watch the head of the victim; if they observe tremulous or convulsive motions in the mouth and nostrils, it is to them the sign that Kali approves their expedition. When about to murder a traveller, if they hear or see any thing which, according to their superstitious notions, indicates evil, they allow him to pass on unmolested; but if the omen is esteemed good, they regard it as a positive command to murder him. In 1830, the East India Company adopted measures to suppress this system of wholesale murder. Since that time, between two and three thousand Thugs have been arrested, tried, and convicted. Two hundred and six were convicted at a single session of the court. It appeared, in the course of the evidence, that those prisoners, at different times, had murdered four hundred and forty persons.—In view of these facts, who is prepared to carry out the doctrine, that it matters not what a man believes, if he is only sincere?

Above we have a view of one of the most celebrated temples in India. It is devoted to the worship of Kali, and is situated at Kali Ghat, three miles from Calcutta. The small building on the left, and the other on the right, are temples of Shiva.

In Calcutta, the missionaries have established several schools, which are in a flourishing condition. The one under the superintendence of Rev. Dr. Duff is attended by more than a thousand young men, belonging to the most respectable families in the city. Kali Prusunno Mookerjea, one of the young men educated at the mission schools, is a "Kulin Brahmin of the highest caste, and, on his mother's side, is a Holdar Brahmin. The Holdars are the original proprietors of Kali Ghat, and the hereditary officiating priests of the temple, to whom all the offerings at this shrine of idolatry belong. Kali Prusunno is heir to his mother's property, being her only son; he is also heir to his uncle, who is a Zemindar, and one of the proprietors of the temple of Kali; and, by marriage, he is heir to his father-in-law's property. He is thus the only male representative of three ancient and highly respectable families, and, by inheritance, would have been the principal proprietor of Kali Ghat and the high priest of the temple." Besides what he was to inherit, he possessed property to the amount of about one hundred thousand dollars. He was fully aware that, should he become a Christian, he would, by the laws of his country, not only be deprived of his property, but would be despised by his countrymen, forsaken by his relations, and regarded as an outcast. Yet he gave up all, was baptized, and became a member of one of the mission churches. At various missionary stations which I visited were several other Brahmins, who had forfeited their title to large estates by becoming Christians.

The figure on the left of the above engraving was found among some ruins in Behar. It is an image of Shiva, who, according to Hindu mythology, is the husband of Kali. He has eight arms and three eyes, one of which is in the centre of his forehead. The serpent with which he is decorated is rearing its head over his right shoulder. With one foot he is crushing an enemy in the act of drawing a sword; with two of his hands he is tossing a human victim on the points of a trident; in a third he holds a drum, in a fourth an axe, in a fifth a sword, in a sixth a portion of the Vedas, and in a seventh a club, on the end of which is a human head.

The figure on the right was copied from a sculpture on the wall of a temple at Gaya. It has four legs, sixteen arms, and seven heads.—Its girdle and crown are ornamented with heads. In each hand it has an animal on a plate, as if dressed for food. It is dancing on four men's bodies, two prostrated and two ready to be crushed. Above, beneath, and on each side, were armed female furies dancing on human carcasses; but these are not copied into the engraving. By the inhabitants of Gaya, this image is called *Mahamaya*, another name for Kali; but it is a male, and, perhaps, was originally intended to represent her husband, Shiva.

In the month of April, a festival in honor of Shiva is celebrated in almost every town and village. One of these festivals I witnessed in Calcutta. On the first day, at sunset, the worshippers assembled at different places, and danced, to the sound of drums and other rude and noisy music, before an image of Shiva. Then, one after another, they were suspended from a beam, with the head downward, over a fire. The next day, about five o'clock in the afternoon, each company reassembled and erected a stage about ten feet in height, from which they threw themselves upon large knives. The knives being placed in a sloping position, the greater part of the thousands that fall upon them escape unhurt; but occasionally an individual is cruelly mangled. About forty persons threw themselves from one stage. None but the last appeared to receive much injury. He pretended to be killed, and was carried off with great shouting. During the whole of the night, Calcutta resounded with the sound of gongs, drums, trumpets, and the boisterous shouts of the worshippers. Early the next morning, forty or fifty thousand persons were assembled on the adjoining plain. Processions, accompanied by music, were passing and repassing in every direction. In the processions, many persons were daubed over with the sacred ashes of cows' ordure. Hundreds of these were inflicting self-torture. In one procession, I saw ten persons, each with more than a hundred iron pins inserted in the flesh. In another, each devotee had a cluster of artificial serpents fastened with iron pins to his naked back. In other processions, many had the left arm perforated, for the insertion of rods from five to fifteen feet in length. These rods were kept in constant and quick motion through the flesh, to increase the pain.—Some had their tongues pierced, for the insertion of similar rods, which were occasionally drawn rapidly up and down through the tongue. One man, having a rod fifteen feet long, and, at the largest end, nearly one inch in diameter, commencing with the smaller end, drew the whole rod through his tongue. After wiping the blood from it upon his garment, he thrust it again into his tongue. Others were drawing living serpents through their tongues and dancing around like maniacs. In the streets through which the processions passed were devotees, with their sides pierced; a rope passed through each incision, and the ends of the two ropes were fastened to four stakes driven into the earth. In this condition, the infatuated creatures dance backward and forward, drawing the ropes at each movement, through their lacerated flesh. On the afternoon of the next day, swinging machines were erected at the places of concourse. They consisted of a perpendicular post, about twenty-five feet high, upon the top of which was a transverse beam, balanced on its centre, and turning on a pivot. A rope was attached to one end of this beam, by which the other could be elevated or depressed at pleasure. From this end, many of the worshippers were suspended by iron hooks inserted into the muscular parts of their backs. I have in my possession a pair of hooks which have been used for that purpose. These hooks I saw thrust into a man's naked back. The rope attached to them was made fast to the beam of the machine, by which he was lifted up twenty-five or thirty feet from the earth. It was then put in a circular motion on its pivot, and the poor sufferer made to swing with great rapidity for some minutes.—Thousands and tens of thousands, annually, are thus cruelly tortured on these machines.

Hosses.—I have great satisfaction in a parade of citizen soldiers, for two reasons: first, because I delight to watch the expression of each heroic face, endeavoring to look as if it did not think that all the world was looking at it; and, secondly, because of the scene which it forced upon the mind of the infinite variety of human noses. Just take a favorable position on such an occasion, and observe the line of noses as each successive platoon passes in review before you (the uniformity of dress and cap rendering these facial phenomena the more marked and observable), and you will return home with your mind impressed with the wonder-working power of Nature in varying her works, as it never was before.—*A. B. Standard.*

A Persian Fable.—A merchant had a parrot, and previous to going to India he asked Poll what present he should bring her. "No present," said the parrot, "only when you see my brothers dancing on the green sward, tell them how I pine in a little prison." The merchant journeyed and delivered the message, and a parrot immediately fell dead from a tree. The merchant returned and immediately told his parrot, who fell dead from his perch on hearing the news. The merchant with tears, picked up the body and cast it out, when to his surprise, the parrot revived and flew to a tree, singing, "The Indian parrot taught me to *die* to be *free*, and, *Oh, master, thou shalt so gain thy freedom!*"

The Florist.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Throughout the month of June, the flower garden, [illegible]

The Dahlia [illegible]

For a few beds or masses on a lawn, or to fill vacant borders, we would recommend:

1st, *A few Monthly Roses*, well selected as regards the color. They may be partly composed of Chinas, Bourbons and Noisettes, as all these bloom continually, in a good rich soil. We may name, as first rate free growing, perfect blooming sorts,

Bourbons.—*Hermosa*, pale blush, very double and constant. *Souvenir de la Malmaison*, pale flesh color, very large and beautiful. *Queen*, one of the finest of free-blooming roses, both in form, color and luxuriance of growth and foliage. *Queen des Bourbons*, a light, strong grower and free bloomer, fawn, but not very double but large and of a most brilliant crimson. *Edward Desfosses*, one of the finest new Bourbons, of a deep, rosy pink.

Noisettes.—*Ophire*, buff. *Chromatella*, or cloth of gold, deep yellow—very large and beautiful. *Solfaterre*, bright crimson. *Aimée Vibert*, pure white.

Bengals, or China Roses.—*Cels*, blush—a very free and fine bloomer. *Agrippina*, rich velvety crimson. *Sanguinea*, blood red, with a stripe of white. *White Daily*, creamy white, and very sweet.

Teas.—*Lady Warrender*, pure white. *Luxembourg*, salmon buff. *Devoniensis*, straw color.

These are all good, and there are many others, perhaps, as good. A dozen plants, well selected, will fill a good sized bed, and they will generally give more satisfaction than anything we could name.

Next to the roses, we would recommend a bed of Verbenas. No plant is better adapted to our dry, sunny climate, than this. A dozen plants, of as many different varieties, will make a beautiful display, from mid-summer until frost comes. The branches, as they grow, should be spread out and pegged down so as to cover the whole surface of the bed, making it a dense mass of flowers, relieved only by the mingling of the different colors. Then the

Petunias.—These also are particularly well adapted to our climate, and cultivation has so improved their size, and varied their coloring, that they have become a most interesting class of plants. A single plant will cover, in a short time, three square feet of ground, and they bloom incessantly.

Heliotropes.—Too many of this cannot be planted, it is so sweet and so fine, either in masses, or mixed with other plants of more showy colors. The old sort is of a pale lilac, and the new one, *Voltaireanum*, is a deep purple, rather bluish. These might be mixed, and some white flowering plant, such as *Double Feverfew*, set in the middle; or the deep blue *Plumbago larpente*, or the *Scarlet Salvia*, or even a fine *Fuchsia*, will make a good centre piece, both in growth and contrast of color. For single specimens on a lawn or border, the *Salvia Splendens Major* surpasses all other plants we know of. A small plant turned out in May or June, commences to bloom immediately, and it grows so rapidly, that, in the course of a month or six weeks, it will be three feet in height and as much in diameter, and will bear twenty or thirty long spikes of flowers of the most dazzling brilliancy. As we have said before, we know of no bedding plant, taken altogether, more desirable, and we recommend it among the smallest collections.

Cuphea platy centra, is another fine thing, either for planting singly or in masses, and it mingles well with Fuchsias, Heliotropes, &c. Its flowers are tube shaped, about an inch long, and the mouth is of an amaranth purple. Treated as a pot plant, in the house, this is an admirable thing. One of the best of recently introduced species in our green-houses now, small plants, are perfect masses of flowers. Its compactness of habit is a great recommendation.

The Californian Zauschneria is one of Mr. Hartweg's discoveries in California, an excellent and popular bedding plant, every way as easily propagated and managed as a verbena. The plant grows compactly, about two feet high, and blooms in the greatest profusion, even when quite young. The flowers are of an orange scarlet, in shape not unlike the trumpet honeysuckle. We think it may be preserved over winter, in the open ground, by laying a piece of turf over it in the beginning of winter; but it seeds well, and may thus be easily propagated like half hardy annuals.

Phloxes we have not mentioned, because they are now so generally cultivated as *hardy* border plants, that we do not deem it proper to class them with summer bedding plants. Still they are indispensable, and those who have not already supplied their gardens, may obtain plants in pots that will bloom the coming autumn.

Scarlet Geraniums.—We must not forget their large foliage and brilliant flowers, added to their free and constant blooming—qualities that make them desirable.—*Genesee Farmer.*

For Housekeepers.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

The researches of chemistry have confirmed the experience of the world, in regard to the best food for man. It is past doubt, that no single article combines so many valuable properties of nutriment, mixed in their proper proportions, as WHEAT; and it is a lamentable thing that this most beautiful article is so nearly spoiled by the mischievous ingenuity of man.

Wheat has been eaten from the earliest ages, but happily for mankind, bolting cloths are of no great antiquity, and it is but at a comparatively recent date that they have come into general use. If any man is in doubt on this subject, let him try the experiment,—living one month on bread made of unbolted wheat meal, and the next on superfine flour. His system would teach him the difference.

In the country, I suppose every man can send his wheat to mill, and have it ground fine or coarse, and sent home bolted or unbolted. A bushel of wheat is usually separated into fine flour, middlings, shorts, and bran; and each of these portions needs the others. In such a case the most sensible proceeding would be to mix them all together again. In the city, whether we buy our flour, or get bread of the bakers, we are not sure of what we are eating. Much of the so-called "Graham flour" seems to be nothing but shorts and bran. The richest part of the wheat is missing. All commerce is full of these frauds and adulterations. The wheaten grits, or cracked wheat, sold at the shops, has not always seemed satisfactory in quality or cleanliness.—Determined to know what I was eating, and to make sure of having the best quality of the best article, I hit upon the following expedient.

I went down to an agricultural warehouse in Front Street, and bought, first a little hand-mill, for which I paid one dollar and a half. I then bought a bushel of beautiful, clean, seed wheat for two dollars. I fastened up my mill, screwed it to the right degree of fineness, and the next morning we had such a dish of clean, lovely, delicious, wheaten mush, as the greatest epicure might envy.

Having succeeded so well with the grits, I thought I would try to improve the bread.—Grinding the wheat a little finer, I had a meal I knew to be genuine. I then went to a chemist's, and bought an ounce of bi-carbonate of soda, and an ounce of pure hydro-chloric acid. I also got a sheet of blue litmus paper. Taking two bottles, I first made a saturated solution of the bi-carbonate of soda; then I diluted the acid until an equal quantity of one would exactly neutralize the other. This I did by repeatedly testing with the blue and reddened litmus paper.—After taking a teaspoonful from each bottle, and mixing them together, if there was an excess of acid the strip of blue litmus paper would instantly turn red; if an excess of soda, the red would turn blue again; but when the proportions were exactly right, there would be no change in the tests, and then I had no acid, and no alkali,—but what? Why simple chloride of soda—common salt, and nothing else.

So taking a pound of meal I put in a wineglass of the alkali, mixed it up with water to the proper consistency, and then poured in an equal quantity of acid. In an instant the whole mass, mixed rapidly and thoroughly, rose up, light as a sponge, and in goes the bread into the oven, gets a thorough baking, and comes out—light, and sweet, and most delicious bread, and simply salted with the purest possible salt, by the [illegible]

[illegible] The higher [illegible]

I gave one of my patients a loaf of this bread, [illegible]

[illegible] —*Water Cure Journal.*

The Olio.

THE WIFE.

Behold, how fair of eye and mild of mien,
Walks forth of marriage yonder gentle queen!
What matron-majesty [illegible];
What glad content [illegible];
What plenty [illegible];
What [illegible];
What tender truth in all her face [illegible];
What pleasantness and peace in all her ways!
Forever blooming on that cheerful face,
Home's best affections grow divine in grace;
Her eyes are rayed with love, serene and bright;
Charity wreaths her lips with smiles of light;
Her kindly voice hath music in its notes;
And Heaven's own atmosphere around her floats!

The Doctors and the Doctored.—It used to be thought that certain persons had peculiar faculties for curing diseases, while in many instances charms were put in requisition for the same purpose. Dr. Armstrong relates a circumstance in connection with the latter superstition. It seems Chief Justice Holt, an English judge, when a young man, went to a tavern in a country town with some friends to have a frolic, and that they did not realize the fact of their having no money until they had run up a long score. In this dilemma Holt was called upon to get them out of the scrape, and observing that the landlord's daughter was suffering from ague fit, he at once collected several plants, mixing them with a great deal of mock ceremony, rolled them up into a ball, and tied them round the girl's neck; assuring that, however, that strange letters upon the piece of parchment in which the plants were wrapped. Each to the surprise of the company and his friends, the ague departed, and the girl seemed quite well. The landlord was so grateful for the cure that he gladly made Holt a present of the bill himself and friends had run up, and even offered to pay something handsome. Now, the strangest part of the story is yet to be told. Some years after, when Holt was promoted to the bench, a woman was brought before him for witchcraft, (the last ever tried for that offence in England,) and strange to it may seem, she made no defence, but simply stated that she had effected certain means by use of a ball, which she produced. This very ball proved to be the identical one which the Judge had made in his youthful days.

Barbarism and Civilization.—When that philosophical tyrant, the Czarina, (who murdered two Emperors for the good of their people, to the edification of Voltaire, Diderot, and Dalembert,) proposed to give a code of laws that should serve all her subjects as much or as little as she pleased, she ordered her various States to send deputies who should specify their respective wants. Amongst the rest came a representative of the Samoieds; he waited on the marshal of the diet of legislation, who was Archbishop of Novogorod. I am come, said the savage, but I do not know for what. My clement mistress, said his grace, means to give a body of laws to all her dominions. Whatever laws the Empress shall give us, said the Samoied, we shall obey, but we want no laws. How, said the prelate, not want laws! why you are men like the rest of the world, and must have the same passions, and consequently must murder, cheat, steal, rob plunder, &c. It is true, said the savage, we have now and then a bad person among us, but he is sufficiently punished by being shut out of all society. One day Count Orlow, the Czarina's accomplice in more ways than one, exhibited himself to the Samoied in the robes of the order, and refulgent with diamonds. The savage surveyed him attentively, but silently. May I ask, said the favorite, what it is you admire? Nothing, replied the Tartar, I was thinking how ridiculous you are. Ridiculous, cried Orlow, angrily; and pray in what? Why, you shave your beard to look young, and powder your hair to look old.

Blasting Rocks.—Blasting rocks by the old process consists in making holes in a proper spot, by using a heavy iron bar, of which the successive strokes produce the desired effect; the hole then is cylindrical and rather conical, being wider at the top by the friction of the rod-bar against its sides. The powder has not then all the effect which it could have, and can never be used in large quantity. A process used with full success, is this: a deep hole is first made in the above manner, then a glass tube is inserted, and strong sulphuric acid mixed with a small proportion of water is poured in; the acid dissolves part of the stone; the sulphate is then extracted, and the bottom washed by sending down some water, which is pumped out by any means whatever; this operation is repeated as many times as is necessary to produce at the bottom of the hole a kind of pouch, which is well dried by using rags or anything similar. This pouch is then filled with powder by the common process of ramming, and then blasted. The quantity of powder being as large as it may seem necessary, permits to blow up, with a single charge, as much as with ten of the old process, and to have larger blocks if desired.

Extracts from Channing.—No man should part with his own individuality, and become that of another.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

Knowledge is valuable in proportion as it is prolific, in proportion as it quickens the mind to the acquisition of higher truth.

There is no moral worth in being swept away by a crowd, even towards the best objects.

All virtue lies in individual action, in inward energy, in self-determination. The best books have most beauty.

Disinterestedness is the very soul of virtue.

To build up that strength of mind, which apprehends and clings to great universal truths, is the highest intellectual culture.

A rational, moral being, cannot, without infinite wrong, be converted into a mere instrument of others' gratification.

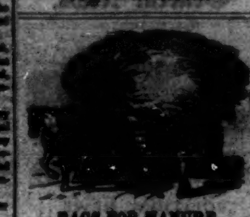
Peace and War.—The cost of the Erie Railroad is equal to that of about six months' fighting the Mexicans. Just look at the difference in the permanent effect, the lasting influence of the two expenditures. The effect of the first has been to excite a spirit of restlessness and lawlessness which is now manifested in the Cuban enterprise, and in other equally discreditable undertakings. The effect of the latter will be to increase the comforts of life, to redeem a wilderness to cultivation, to unite a great people, to advance the civilization of a great country. We do not speak now of the immediate effects, of the crimes, the blood, the demoralization, the untold and inconceivable horrors of war, but of the permanent and remote effects. If the same amount of money that has been spent in the world, during the first half of this century, in the arts of destruction, could for the remaining half be spent in the arts of peace, this globe would become an Eden such as preacher never described nor poet ever imagined.—*Providence Journal.*

The Crystal Palace Beaten.—Dr. Duff, in his speech at the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in London, thus described one of the Heathen Temples of India:

"In Seringham you have the largest heathen temple that can probably be found from the North to the South Pole. It is a square, each side being a mile in length, so that it is four miles round. Talk of your Crystal Palace!—Why, as a man would put a penny in his pocket you might put your Crystal Palace into the pocket of this huge pagoda. The walls are twenty-five feet high, and four or five feet thick, and in the centre of each wall rises a lofty tower. Entering the first square, you come to another with a wall as high, and four more towers. Within that square there is another, and within that again another,—crowded by thousands of Brahmins. The great hall for pilgrims is supported by a thousand pillars, each cut out of a single block of stone."

"Biddy," said a farmer's gudewife, whose only fault was that she was considerably absent-minded, when her words did not always flow in the right order; "Biddy, now you may go and milk the hen, and see if the cows have laid any eggs; and tell the pig to give John some swill, and come clean shoes for a bed." Biddy looked perplexed for a minute, but obeyed her mistress, according to her private judgment.

Agricultural.



RAGS FOR MANURE.

Several years since, while perusing an agricultural publication, I chanced upon an article recommending rags as a manure. The writer, it appeared, had instituted several experiments, all of which had been attended with considerable success, and so as to bid fair to be worthy of the calling the earth's special attention under his especial [illegible] I concluded to test the truth of his observations by an immediate trial.

The soil made choice of for this, in the somewhat novel experiment, was a light, gravelly loam, the natural productiveness of which had been so greatly diminished by the process of long continued and injudicious cropping, that I had long been on the eve of abandoning it, in despair, as the produce was generally quite insufficient to remunerate me for the expense of cultivation. The Spring of the year was too far advanced to admit of an experiment with corn, and the patch was ploughed for potatoes; and the entire plant, containing about one-tenth of an acre, after being thoroughly harrowed, was laid off into drills by longitudinal and transverse furrows, in order to facilitate the operation of hilling, which I had in mind more especially and entirely performed with the ordinary horse-plough, with two furrow-boards, than by the ordinary process of hilling with the hoe. The soil being thus prepared for the reception of the seed, the process of "manuring" was commenced by dropping a handful or "crumpled ball" of woollen rags in each hill, an equal quantity dropped but, as would be grasped by one hand, in the most, and so on, alternately, till the whole was completed, and the hills ready for the reception of the seed. After dropping this, which was of the long-horn kind, and bestowed at the rate of four eyes or "sprouts" to the hill, the two "cuttings," the labor of covering was performed by a careful hand, and in the ordinary method, with a common hoe. The after culture was extremely simple, and consisted merely in cutting down the weeds, the surface of the ground being kept nearly level, in order to facilitate the descent of water to the roots, till the final hoeing, which was performed almost wholly with the plough. There was one circumstance, however, connected with the growth of this crop, that to me appeared somewhat singular.

From the period at which the youthful plants were first developed, till the day on which they were entirely prostrated, and their vegetative powers arrested by the "rust," not the slightest difference was perceptible through the piece; those which had been manured with rags springing as rapidly from the soil, and, to all appearance, with as much vigor and luxuriance of growth, as the rest, while the rags were apparently as firm, and their colors nearly or quite as brilliant as when first inhumed!

The yield was not large; a circumstance which I attributed to the early visitation of the rust, which interrupted their growth in mid-career, and which gave to the entire piece, as well as to most other pieces in the vicinity, the appearance of having been prostrated by a killing frost.

A considerable portion of the tubers, however, were of a medium size, very smooth and handsome, and equal, *in every respect*, to those on which I had bestowed a far more elaborate cultivation, and a richer soil. Had the season been dry instead of *wet*, the result would doubtless have been still more favorable. That rags constitute a valuable article for manuring land, there can, I think, be no longer any question. The experiments that have been already made demonstrate conclusively, that, when easily obtainable, their assistance is valuable; their peculiar proportion of absorbing and retaining rendering them highly efficient on light soils, particularly where there is an excess or superabundance of sand.

In the vicinity of cities, large quantities of woollen rags can be obtained with ease, and at small expense. So also, in the neighborhood of carpet and other woollen manufactories where large masses of rubbish accumulate in the yards and streets, without being appropriated to any use.

In conclusion, permit me to present the following extracts relative to the character of wool, from the pen of Chaptal:—

"A very good manure is formed from wool. According to the ingenious experiments of Mr. Hatchett, hair, feathers and wool are only peculiar combinations of gelatine, with a substance analogous to albumen; water can only dissolve them by means of fermentation, which takes place slowly, and after a long time. One of the most surprising instances of fertility that I have ever seen, is in a field in the neighborhood of Montpellier, belonging to a manufacturer of woollen blankets. The owner of this land causes it to be dressed every year with the sweepings of his work-shops; and the harvests of corn and fodder which it produces are astonishing.

"It is well known that from the hairs of wool transpires a fluid which hardens upon their surface, but which possesses the property of being easily soluble in water. This substance has received the name of animal sweat; the water in which the wool has been washed contains so much of it as to render it very valuable as manure. I saw, thirty years since, a wool-merchant in Montpellier, who had placed his wash-house for wool in the midst of his fields, a greater part of which he had transformed into his garden. In watering his vegetables he had used no other water than that of these washings; and the beauty of his productions was so great as to render his garden a place of public resort. The Genoese collect, with care, in the South of France, all they can find of threads and rags of woollen fabrics, to place at the foot of the olive trees. According to the analysis of M. Vauquelin, this animal sweat is a soapy substance, consisting of a base of potash, with an excess of oily matter, and containing, besides some acetate of potash, a little of the carbonate and of the muriate of the same base, and a scented animal matter." The scientific agriculturist will readily perceive why an article, composed of such ingredients, should act favorably on the soil and crop.—*Plough, Loom and Anvil.*

AGRICULTURE OF CALIFORNIA.

California has been regarded as mainly a desert, dotted with a few garden spots. But her agricultural resources are about being developed with astonishing rapidity. The high prices of vegetables, and fruits, and grains, is stimulating the tillage of the soil in every quarter. True, the dry season presents an obstacle, but even the dry season does not interfere with the growth of *one* good crop per season. We have hundreds of thousands of acres, which you may plant with potatoes, simply ploughing them into the virgin soil, without manure or previous preparation, and then, without the slightest tillage, you may gather from every acre three to five hundred bushels of the best potatoes in the world. The valleys of San Jose, Sonoma and Napa, and scores of similar valleys, are garden spots that cannot be excelled in fertility and salubrity. There are now in this market beets weighing from twenty to forty pounds raised on the first named location, from seed planted last August. These beets readily bring fifteen to twenty cents a pound for table use, and they are sweet and tender. New potatoes have made their appearance, grown at the Mission near this city. Cabbages are common, and various other vegetables. In observing the numerous gardens near this city, and the great quantities of horticultural productions brought here by water from various points, sometimes hundreds of miles distant, one is surprised at the high prices they command. I saw lettuce to-day, in the order, just arrived from the Sandwich Islands. A large lot of *sweet* potatoes, in good order, from the same place, sold at auction for three cents a pound. The wholesale price of an article in this market has no strict relation to the retail; the retailer would probably sell them at 8 to 12 cents.

Those who have seen the country in all the burnt up barrenness of Autumn, can form no idea of its appearance in Spring. Indeed, no one who does not see it, can imagine the floral beauty of the landscape at this season. Every spot of soil is covered with flowers. A few days since, I stood on a hill, up which the city is climbing to the South, and turning my eyes Southward, I could see, with perfect plainness, the yellow carpeting of flowers which covered the beautifully undulating country five miles distant—far beyond the Mission Dolores. On any of the surrounding hills, before you reach the city limits, you tread on a flower bed. The Iris is in great profusion, the California Poppy every where spreads its bright yellow petals—the Recurving Crescent, the Wild Lilac, the South Carolina, the Yellow Violet, almost as beautiful as the [illegible]

[illegible] the Cerastium Mollium, the Calandrinia, the Purple Orchis, and many other more delicate and beautiful species, nearly unknown to the Atlantic States, are [illegible] About the middle of April, I took a walk with a friend, and we counted no less than fifty-two kinds in bloom, though we walk did not extend more than half a mile from the suburbs. A friend, who made a few days ago about twenty-five miles over the plains near Sacramento City, describes the entire land as one gorgeous flower-bed. Such is the condition of one half the surface of California at this moment.—Will a soil like this refuse a profitable remuneration to labor?

Your readers have heard of the gigantic cedars of the Pacific Coast. They are found to the North as you approach Oregon—near Humboldt Bay and the Sacramento Gold Bluffs. It is hard to credit the stories that everybody brings home who goes there. A tree ninety feet in diameter, and having a trunk of two hundred feet in length, forms the bridge, is of moderate size. I am assured that the largest are ninety feet in diameter. A friend of mine, Robert Lamont, Esq., of this city, informs me that he and his brother measured a tree near Humboldt, passing round it with a tape as high as they could reach, and found the circuit to exceed *ninety feet!* These statements are apt to induce, and it is not necessary to fit them into fact with human belief. Reduced by the same mathematics applied to the species of cedar, from the color of the wood, which is very red, and has a remarkably straight grain, so that slabs and perfectly even ridge may be split off, many feet in length. I should have mentioned that the entire length of the largest of these trees exceeds 300 feet.

In the same region, raspberries grow to an inch and more in length, and strawberries also to an unusual size—of course I mean without cultivation. The soil of California is remarkably adapted to these fruits. In places near this city the ground is now white with strawberry blossoms, and the blossoms are much larger than any I have ever before seen.—*San Francisco Correspondent of the Tribune.*

Currant Bushes.—Having noticed that currant bushes may as well be made trees as shrubs, I have concluded to tell you how I have seen it done. In the Spring of 1851, my father commenced a garden, and among other things, set cuttings; and as soon as they grew, I pinched off all the leaves, except the top tuft, which I let grow. The cutting was about fourteen inches high, and during the summer the sprouts from the top of this grew perhaps ten inches. The next Spring I pinched off all the leaves to about half-way up to the last year's growth, so as to leave the lowest limbs about two feet from the ground. It branched well, and became a nice little dwarf tree. When it came to bear fruit, it was more productive than any other bush in the garden, and the fruit larger; it was less infested with spiders and other insects; hens could not pick off the fruit, and grass and weeds are more easily kept from about the roots, and it was an ornament instead of a blemish. Now, I would propose that currant cuttings be set in rows, about five feet apart each way,—let them be long and straight ones, and trained into trees.—*Michigan Farmer.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 16, is a preposition.
My 2, 7, 15, 13, is a large deer.
My 3, 23, 6, is a part of the human frame.
My 4, 17, 11, 16, is a part of the human frame.
My 5, 21, 8, is a genus of creeping fish.
My 6, 17, 17, 16, is a part of a house.
My 7, 22, 26, is a kind of drink.
My 8, 3, 3, is a part of the human frame.
My 9, 7, 2, 10, is violent anger.
My 10, 1, 27, 15, is a point of the compass.
My 11, 23, 18, 7, 20, is a female name.
My 12, 25, 4, 13, is a kind of tree.
My 13, 9, 25, 26, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 7, 15, is a quadruped.
My 15, 18, 13 4, 15, 17, 4, is a capital in the United States.
My 16, 25, 2, is a kind of tree.
My 17, 20, is an interjection.
My 18, 7, 25, 8, is a bar of wood or iron.
My 19, 1, 6, is a poisonous substance.
My 20, 21, 23, 24, is a part of the human frame.
My 21, 7, 11, 16, is desired by all.
My 22, 17, 16, is a small piece of land.
My 23, 24, 13, 12, 19, is one completely skilled in his trade.
My 24, 17, 2, is a quadruped.
My 25, 27, 22, 5, is a division of land.
My 26, 4, 26, is often difficult to be arrived at.
My 27, 17, 4, 2, is pleasant to the ear.
My whole should occupy the attention of all who have a right to be styled gentlemen.
Woodstown, Pa. R. K.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a building material;
My second at night only seen;
My whole is yet part of my first;
Though strange contradiction 'twould seem.
Columbus, Ohio. F. L. S.

PROBLEM.

A person wishing to enclose a piece of ground, with palisades, found, if he set them a foot asunder, that he should have too few by 150; but if he set them a yard asunder, he should have too many by seventy: how many had he?
Wilmington, Del. J. T.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why should all painters have good taste?
Ans.—Because they have fine pallets. (*Palates.*)
☞ Why ought women to reap a large harvest?
Ans.—Because they are frequently sowing. (*Sewing.*)
☞ Why is an old shirt like an old sailor?
Ans.—It has often crossed the line.
☞ Why were some of Jenny Lind's concerts like by-gone dress-makers?
Ans.—They made great bustles.
☞ Why should the Pope be a creator of quadrupeds?
Ans.—Because he makes bulls.
☞ What press has the greatest number of pr[illegible] printers?
Ans.—The press of a crowd.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Philadelphia High School.
ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Stephen Girard.
PROBLEM.—16.
CHARADE.—Sausage.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A feather from the wings of a flighty imagination.
A piece of the philosopher's stone.
The tail from the whelp of the dog star.
S. H. D.

Microscopic Writing.—The Morning Chronicle says, in describing the articles exhibited in the Crystal Palace: "We were shown one specimen of microscopic writing, which was certainly the most astonishing of anything of the kind we have ever seen. Upon a space not exceeding that of a small pin's head, and which, indeed, was almost invisible to the naked eye, was written the following words: 'Written on a microscopic object for Mr. Dent, 1851, Fromont a Paris.' The inscription occupies six lines, five of which are written in a bold text hand, the fine and heavy strokes are clearly distinguishable, and are as even and perfect as copperplate writing; the sixth line is in capital italics, printed and shaded, and which appear, when seen through the small microscope attached to it, of rather more than an inch in length."

Decision of Character.—There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it. He does not beat about the bush for difficulties or excuses, but goes the shortest and most effectual way to obtain his own ends, or to accomplish a useful object. If he can serve you he will do so; if he cannot, he will say so without keeping you in needless suspense, or laying you under pretended obligations.—*Hazlitt.*

No Reason to Remove.—A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over, before the gentleman fell asleep, but was awakened by the divine, and invited to go and hear him preach.

"I beseech you, sir," said he, "to excuse me; I can sleep very well where I am."

☞ The Indians give each other very significant names. Lieut. Hooper, of the Arctic Expedition, found a woman at Fort Simpson, whose name was "Thirty-six Tongues."

☞ A man from South, was so noted for stealing stuff from a tobacconist store. He pleaded that he never heard of a law which forbade a man to take snuff.